

THE ROUND TABLE.

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AT SEA.

I.
Whither we sail, who knows?
But still the yearning grows,
And still the eager ear
Some promise seems to hear
In every wind that blows.

II.
And nowhere can we find—
We of the restless mind—
An answering joy to pain,
Save where the broad sails strain
Before the rising wind;

III.
Save where the flying spray
The fever of delay
Cools from the heated face,
Bent forward in the chase
Somewhither day by day;

IV.
Save where we still can feel
The sea beneath us reel
With longing pain and strife,
True to the dream of life
Which is its woe and weal;

V.
Save where the clouds that range
The boundless sky, and change
With every breath of air,
But always calm and fair,
Give comfort true and strange;

VI.
Save where the storms we meet
Are nature's, that defeat
Fear's sloth, and make more clear
And pure the atmosphere,
To keep our purpose sweet;

VII.
Save where our very sleep
A motion still doth keep,
That lets us ne'er forget
The dream which lures us yet
To follow through the deep;

VIII.
That dream which, when the dull,
Cold, heavy storm, too full
Of doubts and darkness, passed,
In the sunlight at last
Rose glistening, beautiful.

IX.
O, dream of what shall be!
Born of the restless sea,
And floating high between
That and the sky's serene
Far off immunity!

X.
Something of both must rise
In every soul that tries
To keep thee still in sight,
So hard to love aright,
Harder to realize!

XI.
And long the way indeed!
But why should we be freed
Before we know it all?
Whatever else befall,
The hope is what we need;

XII.
And still the pain obeys
The longing that allays
And shapes it to its end,
To make when both shall blend
A hope that ne'er betrays,

XIII.

Still we can keep the chase
Led by that shape of grace,
Still strive and strive again,
Hoping we know not when
To see her face to face.

XIV.

What else? Ah, yes! we know
That we are sailing now
That sea where many a brave,
True heart has found a grave;
But still we choose to go.

XV.

Nay, must! How shall we dare
To leave them lying there
Unanswered, each brave heart
That dared and did its part,
And died without despair?

XVI.

All, all the more may we,
Trusting the prophesy,
Sail on, still singing thus
The old song sent to us
Along the stormy sea!

R. K. W.

CATARRHAL MISERIES.

WE are hard upon the season when one takes up the newspaper and turns to the column of cosmetics, nostrums and panaceas, to learn that the most marvelous cures old Dr. Brown ever effected have been in those cruel cases of catarrh to which somebody who never suffered gave the sweet name, once upon a time, of hay-fever and rose-cold. Yet it is not unlikely, let me say, that in the case of the latter designation the ancients were ahead of us, and just as we say "under the weather," they said *sub rosâ*. I know the dictionaries give quite another meaning to the phrase, but that is due to their ignorance of its original application. Lowell, somewhere in a fugitive fancy that he has not deemed it well to preserve in his poems, fashions a little fable of the compact agreed upon under this symbol by the gods of love and silence; but it is quite in the conventional meaning:

"And thus *sub rosâ* means you must not tell."

But whoever has been under the spell of the rose in the month of June, with coagulated mucus clogging the orifices of articulation, will understand that *must not* is only a mandatory way of saying *cannot*, and that "under the rose" is thus the symbol of the most positive kind of secrecy.

But to return to our good Samaritans of the newspapers. No matter if the mortality bills are still long with the victims of consumption, nor does it signify if virility is still departing as fleetingly as ever from all manner of youth. Those matters can be attended to at other seasons. Now is the time of roses and springing vegetation, and the quacks know how to bait their hooks with as much foresight as the angler in determining the fit color of the seasonable fly. Just now there are thousands sneezing, and the *God bless you* of the old Scandinavian custom has degenerated into this god-send to the empirics. Just now there are eyes running to water, and ablutions furnished without resort to the wash-bowl, until one would think Hamlet's prayer had been answered for some portion of the race:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

Just now there are noses that refuse to perform their functions, and become the rebellious member that another Æsop might celebrate. Some that formerly made their owners vain of their beautiful Grecian

proportions have swelled, as in retribution, to the dimensions of the "bottle." Some that once reminded us of the majesty of Rome (and are found everywhere in Italy but on the busts of the emperors) are distended with rheum and glazed to the sleekness of a Jew's. Gimlet-noses belie their names, and no longer offer a point in dispute. Socratic pugs and Gibbonian snubs have grown to such terrific proportions that the unwary might couple them with Ovid's or Wordsworth's nasal sufficiency, and conclude with De Quincey that such developments were indicative of animal appetites organically strong. Fancy a disputatious Dutchman thus afflicted laying his finger, in the heat of argument, along the puffy tenderness of his rhinological member, and how he would wince! You remember the misery the great Shandy family suffered from that nose of Tristram's great-grandfather—so like an ace of clubs it was—and we read that the descendants "never recovered the blow" of that ancestral nose—a clear case, it seems to me, of the hereditary tendency of catarrh. You remember, too, the accounts of the body of the Cid, for ten years after his death, being placed bolt upright in a chair by the high altar at Toledo, and there it sat until one spring the nose began to change color, and they put him down in the vault. The historians fail to remark that it was a season of unheard-of luxuriance of vegetation, and so densely dusted was the air with the irritating particles that the dead as well as the quick were participators in the misery. This is, to me, a very clear case that some of this world's miseries may follow us to the next.

You, perhaps, have read Edmond About's funny story of the "Nose of a Notary," and how his rebellious member, which had been fashioned by magical skill out of the flesh of another man's arm, was always experiencing the trials of that supplementary individual. If monsieur the nose-giver had the small-pox, monsieur the nose-taker had it likewise—in his nose only; and so on. It always seemed strange to me that the witty Frenchman did not think of the hay-fever among his miseries. If Sebastien Romagné had only gone back to his native Auvergne to cut swathes and bathe his arm in the juicy odors of a hay-field, how had that poor nose of Monsieur L'Ambert titillated, and most inopportunistly, perhaps—just, it may be, as he was in the most tender of moods in some Parisian salon. Only think of that lace-edged mouchoir being polluted with the pestilent mucus. But let us be thankful Monsieur the Notary was spared that misery. He endured much, but he escaped that!

It seems to one who knows that the old adage of what's meat to one is poison to another was never so well exemplified as in these exhalations of the summer field and garden bush, with the joy they bring to some and the utterly hideous aspect the full power of the disease puts upon others. I suspect that great man who was never a hero to his valet was a victim of this summer catarrh, for I don't know anything more belittling to a full-grown human being (unless it be running after one's vanishing hat) than standing stockstill and throwing almost life itself away in a dozen or two sneezes! If ever one wished to hide his diminished head, it is then—only his head is anything but diminished under the infliction. No wonder Daniel Webster hid himself away at Marshfield when the annual trial came upon him; in his case, as sometimes happens, coincident with the decay of vegetation, instead of its fresh growth—that is, in September. Think of those deep, glaring globes welling such big round tears as would have done no discredit to the innocent nostrils of the poor sequestered stag, that the melancholy Jaques wot of. Imagine that nose, that snuffed the rotten-

ness of states, swollen to the hugeness of a bloated Jew's. Would you believe those the massy orbs that daunted the defiant Hayne? that the nose that drew in oratorical scorn? "In driving out yesterday afternoon," he says in one of his letters, "the wind freshened up and I sneezed twice; but John Taylor sneezed three times." What a comfort! The hardy, injured farmer had the excess; and he half believed Mrs. Webster had been mistaken in the morning, when she told him there was catarrh in his countenance!

These physical antipathies are very curious, and would be ludicrous but for their painfulness. I knew a gentleman who made a long journey to be a groomsman at a wedding, and, just before the ceremony, ate a lobster-salad. The bridesmaid was a blonde, as fair almost as the vail she wore. Before the ceremony was ended my friend grew warm in the face—it came as suddenly as a sunset flush,

"Celestial, rosy, real love's proper hue;"

but reminding one, nevertheless, of the mollusk he had eaten, and he was as sick as he was rubicund. His stomach just then was in antagonism to lobster, and as he grew redder the lady blanched for fear. It was a ludicrous contrast despite the danger—almost as ludicrous, and probably more dangerous, than a sputor lisping *Will you?*—and then sneezing and weeping not for joy, but for catarrh! I knew a man who never went to church, because at his church there was a drug-store in the basement, and the fumes of ipecacuanha were as bad as out-of-door nature to me. What a slim audience would convene in God's first temples if the groves should conduce to sneezing "with universal nose," as, Thackeray says, the cabin which he was once in snored.

And thus much comes of hay and roses, not to mention other irritants! And where shall we, poor sufferers, not find these things? We do not escape it in the cities, for cruel people will plant parks and cultivate prickly bushes. Even so humane a being as a historian will occasionally offend, as Mr. Parkman did the other day by publishing a "Book of Roses," the very name of which is a misery to me. Without indulging in the traffic, I can very easily appreciate the antipathies of Hood's poor flower-girl:

"Poor Peggy sells flowers from street to street,
And—think of that, ye who find life sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses."

Douglas Jerrold makes it an excess of charity to pour rose-water over a toad! What if poor Jewel-head should be a catarrhal patient? He never thought of that!

We may shut ourselves up in our chambers and burn off the exhalations with a gas-jet, but the result is vitiated air, and what's the gain? We may stuff with quinine and fancy our heads boxed for transportation, but we are not much the gainer in comfort if the mucus membrane is a little deadened in sensibility. We may go to the Isle of Shoals, where not a green thing grows, and a healthful saltiness, with much savor, surrounds you. But suppose you have no relish for monotony, you may yet long for that physical commotion which Milton, when he would dwarf the wrack of earth and sky, thought so consonant with such, that he esteemed it

"To the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe."

There is even such a thing as taking to sternutation for variety's sake. I doubt not Napoleon would have gladly exchanged his rock in the Atlantic for a catarrhal sneeze in hay-time ashore. Some remedies are worse than the disease, and the Isle of Shoals is one of them.

I saw once a schläger whisk off a duellist's nose at Heidelberg; and under my infliction (then upon me) I almost wished it was mine (indeed, of all marbles there is nothing takes hold of me like a noseless cherub, and I reverence the ages that have battered it). Perhaps with the two holes in my face like a Tartar beauty, unapproached by nature's ducts, I could have escaped rosy suffocation and breathed freely. But I doubt if twelve months of mutilation out of the year's time would have made me any the less a disagreeable sight to my friends than the two months' ugliness that catarrh engenders about my nose.

There is an end to all things at last, rose-colds and

hay-fevers among the number. Even my nose will gradually shrink into its normal condition, and prove to all that it too has an end. So must my present writing—only let me warn you that the quacks are just now reversing the old adage and, instead of following their own noses, are rushing after yours and mine, O catarrhal sufferer!

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

OUR readers will probably be pleased to learn what they may reasonably expect, shortly, from the pens of our leading historical writers; and, in order that they may judge understandingly on the subject, we have collected the following memoranda concerning their present labors:

Mr. Bancroft is diligently engaged on the ninth volume of his "History of the United States," but there is very little prospect of its early publication. The important events which crowded the period extending from the Declaration of Independence until the French treaty form the subjects of the volume, and they will require all the ability of this distinguished writer to treat of them properly within the limited space of the single volume which has been assigned to them.

Miss Mary L. Booth, of this city, is steadily prosecuting her labors on M. Martin's "History of France," and receiving the most gratifying evidence of the entire confidence of that distinguished author. We believe that she is now engaged on the first volume of the work, "Ancient Gaul," and that two volumes may be expected during the ensuing winter.

Mr. Brodhead progresses finely with his second volume of "The History of New York," and those of his most intimate friends to whom he has read portions of it speak in the highest terms of its great merits as a historical work.

Mr. Charles J. Bushnell is busily engaged in his peculiar work concerning the prisons and prison-ships of the war of the Revolution. His last issue, "The Adventures of Christopher Hawkins," afforded a fair specimen of the character of his labors; and if he would direct his attention to some more useful purpose than making notes to fit certain pictures of which he owns the engraved blocks, he would render a service to students of American history which would be amply repaid by their grateful acknowledgments; as it is, his labors are comparatively useless and are valued accordingly.

Mr. Henry B. Dawson, of Morrisania, N. Y., since his withdrawal from the *Gazette*, has been engaged, as far as his continued poor health has permitted, in drawing to a close several small works which had lingered in the press, and in preparing for the immediate reissue of his "Battles of the United States," in the most sumptuous style of modern typography. "The Gazette Series," in four volumes, and "The First Flag Over Richmond" have already been issued in Bradstreet's best style; "The Case of Rutgers vs. Waddington" is nearly ready, and "The Cow-Chace" and "The Federalist and its Traducers" will be ready before the close of June. The first part of "The Battles" and his "History of the Park" will probably be ready about the same time.

Mr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, Mass., is engaged on Captain John Smith's "True Relation" and a tract for the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is said that he has thoughts of visiting Europe during the summer.

Mr. John Ward Dean, of Medford, Mass., is engaged on a new and elaborate edition of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," for the Prince Society, and from his well known thoroughness and his particular regard for Nathaniel Ward, the author of the work, we have reason to expect a volume which will reflect the highest honor on his abilities as a historical writer.

Colonel Thomas F. de Noe is steadily engaged in his patient re-examination of the files of newspapers in the library of the New York Historical Society, preparatory to the completion of the second volume of his "Market-Book." The third volume, embracing an account of the different articles of food which are offered for sale in our markets, is in the hands of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., and will be published early in the fall. We doubt if

any other city in the world can produce a butcher who so faithfully divides his time, between four in the morning and nine in the afternoon, between his slaughter-house, his market-stall, the library, and his writing-table as does "the historical butcher" of Jefferson Market, New York.

Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., of Boston, Mass., is engaged on the second volume of Church's "Indian War," for Messrs. Wiggin & Lunt, and on Winslow's "Good News," probably for the same enterprising firm. We need not say that these will be well done, as Doctor Dexter never spares labor on any of his undertakings.

The venerable Samuel G. Drake, of Boston, has just completed new editions of Calef's and Mather's works on the Salem witch delusion, for Doctor W. E. Woodward's series; and he is now engaged on "The Old Indian Chronicle," probably for the same gentleman. Mr. Drake has been so long and so favorably known to students of American history, that we need say nothing on the probable merits of these works.

Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck appears to be engaged on no work of especial interest to the public, unless such an interest shall be found to attach to a brief extension of his biographical series, written for Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., on which he is engaged, by the addition to the list of several of the supposed heroes of the recent war of secession.

The venerable Thomas Ewbank is suffering somewhat from the infirmities of advancing years. He occasionally relieves the monotony of his life by writing a short article for the *American Artisan*, and he now and then favors the Ethnological and Historical societies with a more elaborate production.

Hon. Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown, Mass., is said to be engaged on his long-suspended history of that town. We suspect, however, that he is preparing for the press that series of lectures on the nationality of the United States which he recently delivered before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and on which he has bestowed so much thought and labor. He is said, also, to be arranging for the issue of a large-paper edition of his "Life and Times of General Warren," as well as one of his "Siege of Boston."

Mr. Horace Greeley, of this city, is sparing as much time as possible from the *Tribune* for the completion of his work on the late war. His working-room is in the Bible House, in the midst of the great libraries, and he appears to be devoting several hours daily to this undertaking.

Professor George W. Greene, of East Greenwich, R. I., is employed on a biography of his grandfather, General Nathaniel Greene, of the army of the Revolution. It will probably occupy two volumes octavo, and the abilities of the author and the facilities which he possesses permit us to expect a work of great merit.

Mr. John C. Hamilton, of this city, is reposing on the laurels which he gained by his recently completed "History of the Republic" and "The Federalist," and we hear of nothing from his practiced pen with which the reading public is to be afflicted during the present year.

Mr. Henry Harris, of this city, has nearly completed his elaborate bibliographical work, "Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima," which is passing through the press of Messrs. Bradstreet & Son.

Doctor Franklin B. Hough, of Albany, N. Y., is translating and annotating the Chevalier Pouchet's "Memoires sur la dernière Guerre de l'Amérique Septentrionale, entre la France et l'Angleterre." He is also engaged on a volume for the Bradford Club, concerning the treason of Arnold; and there are some intimations that he has a series in hand of which at least a portion of the volumes will clash with the published programme of one of our New York book clubs.

Mr. Pierre M. Irving, the respected nephew of the biographer of Washington, is engaged in preparing for the press a collection of the inedited works of his distinguished uncle, including his pieces in "The Analectic Magazine," of which, for a time, he was the editor. The collection will probably extend to two or three octavo volumes.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is

traversing the Southern States for the purpose of collecting materials, pictorial and literary, for his forthcoming "Field-book of the Rebellion," the first volume of which is passing through the press of Mr. Alvord, in this city. We have heard nothing lately of his "Field-book of the War of 1812," which it was understood was completed more than a year since for Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Frank Moore, of this city, seems to be as actively engaged as of old on his "Rebellion Record"—that ponderous repository of documents relating to the late war of secession. He is also engaged, we believe, in the preparation for the press of some other volumes on the same subject, but of a more popular character, for one of the great publishing houses in Hartford.

Mr. George H. Moore, of this city, is enjoying the various "Notices of the Press" concerning his recently published "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts" which are appearing throughout the country; and, we believe, he is also preparing to issue, at an early day, his much-looked-for volume on the "Early Laws of New York." We have reason to believe that the latter will produce as great an excitement among students as the former has done.

Mr. James Parton, of this city, is continuing his biographical sketches in the *Ledger*, and, we believe, in the "North American Review." He is also preparing to carry out his darling project of a "Life of Voltaire," in which his whole soul seems to be enlisted.

General J. Meredith Read, of Albany, N. Y., has just completed and issued, privately, from Mr. Munsell's press, a well-written volume on "Henry Hudson: his Friends, Relatives, and Early Life; his Connection with the Muscovy Company, and Discovery of Delaware Bay," a curious inquiry, but evidently the result of long-continued and laborious research. He appears, at this time, to be resting from his labors.

Hon. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, has not been heard from as a historical writer for several years, but we have the best reason for believing that before many months shall have passed he will have reoccupied his former field of labor, and that one, at least, of the writers of "history," so called, if not one of the most distinguished of the few who are truly ranked as historians, will feel the weight of his sledge-hammer blows.

Mr. John Gilmary Shea, of this city, continues, in spite of his delicate constitution, to conduct his extensive stereotype foundry, to continue the issue of his Cramoisy series of Jesuit "Relations," to push forward his researches concerning the linguistics of aboriginal America, and to edit, as few others can edit, some standard work on the early history of America, either of which branches of his daily business would be considered sufficient employment by any ordinary man. His new edition of Charlevoix is steadily progressing, and at an early day it will be ready for delivery to those who subscribed for it.

Mr. Buckingham Smith, of this city, has just returned from Florida, where he spent the winter at his old home, near St. Augustine. His last volume, on De Soto, was issued by the Bradford Club, and we are not aware that he is engaged on any work at this time.

Mr. E. G. Squires, of this city, is engaged, we are told, on a work concerning the antiquity of Central and South America, which is to be published in parts, at ten dollars each.

Doctor H. R. Stiles, of Brooklyn, beside his necessary labors as editor of "The Historical Magazine," is engaged as a regular contributor to the columns of THE ROUND TABLE; and these, added to his work on his forthcoming "History of Brooklyn, N. Y.," appear to occupy all his hours of labor.

Mr. William Swinton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the historian of "The Army of the Potomac," is about to commence a work on "The Twelve Principal Battles of the War," and we have a right to expect a volume of great merit.

Mr. J. Wingate Thornton, of Brookline, Mass., is almost wholly occupied with his professional business at the Boston bar, but he finds time, it is said, to write an occasional article for the *Transcript*, and to edit a new edition of Norton's "Life of the

Apostle Elliot"—a subject which has long been a favorite with him.

Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, of this city, having succeeded in finding two enterprising publishers for his last two volumes, has been encouraged to renew his labors on the literary remains of the late Doctor John W. Francis. The popularity of the good old doctor will probably enable Mr. Tuckerman to find a publisher for this enterprise with less labor than he has already devoted to his unsuccessful search for one for his own proposed "Collected Works."

Hon. Charles W. Upham, of Salem, Mass., continues his labors on a most elaborate and complete history of witchcraft, with particular reference to the well-known excitement at Salem. It is, we believe, for the enterprising house of Messrs. Wiggin & Lunt, of Boston.

Mr. David T. Valentine, of this city, so long and favorably known as the clerk of the Common Council, is preparing for the early appearance of the yearly "Manual." If report speaks truly, the forthcoming volume will eclipse all his previous efforts, whether pictorial or literary; and the liberal appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, which has been made for that purpose, will enable him to employ the best talent, to secure the most valuable contributions, and to produce a volume every way worthy of the great city which so bountifully pays for it. We understand that the second volume of his "History of New York" is also ready for the press, and we hope at a very early day to hear of its appearance.

Mr. William A. Whitehead, of Newark, N. J., is said to be busily engaged on the record of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that city—a work on which he will be enabled to display his peculiar abilities to the best advantage. He has recently issued, privately, on both large and small paper, the two papers on "The New Jersey Boundary" in which, in the *Yonkers Gazette*, he so bravely defended the character and territory of his native state against the combined efforts, in behalf of New York, of Attorney-General Cochrane, Hon. J. Romeyn Brodhead, and Mr. Henry B. Dawson; and he has appropriately illustrated it with a "Map of the waters which surround Staten Island," with two very important and hitherto unknown lines of boundary, "from the U. S. Coast Survey Sketch Map of 1861"—a document, it seems to us, which must convince the most skeptical of Mr. Whitehead's peculiar qualification for such a discussion.

Mr. William H. Whitmore, of Boston, is editing the manuscript of "Dunton's Journal;" and, in addition, we understand he is engaged on a work relating to the administration of Sir Edmund Andros.

REVIEWS.

LANGE'S COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.*

THIS large royal octavo volume of almost six hundred pages is only the first installment of a truly magnificent undertaking, no less than a commentary upon the same gigantic scale on the entire Bible. The original German commentary on the New Testament consists of fifteen volumes, two of which, however, have not yet appeared. Of the American edition only Matthew, Mark, and Luke have been given to the public. Of the commentary on the Old Testament only one volume has been published in Germany, and none in this country; but arrangements have been made for their preparation there, and their translation and reprint here, in rapid succession. At the announcement of so vast an undertaking, one scarcely knows whether to wonder more at the courage, if not audacity, of the author, or the enterprise and liberality, not to say daring and extravagance, of the publisher. The author, however, has this great advantage, that he writes only a small part of the commentary and merely superintends the preparation of the rest. Not less than a dozen different German scholars and divines are employed in the preparation of the commentaries on the New Testament. Those

on the Old Testament will doubtless enlist a still larger number of coadjutors. The work is, in fact, a kind of encyclopedia, edited by one man, but the articles are parceled out by him among a corps of collaborators whom he selects as best qualified for the service. Or the plan is more exactly parallel to that on which German editors and publishers issue editions (bibliothecas, as they sometimes call them) of the entire series, or of certain classes, of the Greek and Latin classics. And the American edition is conducted on the same plan. As the original is edited and composed "by John Peter Lange, D.D., in connection with a number of eminent European divines," so the American edition is "translated from the German, and edited, with additions original and selected, by Philip Schaff, D.D., in connection with American divines of various evangelical denominations."

Born on the 10th of April, 1802, near Elberfeld, in Prussia, educated at the gymnasium of Düsseldorf and the University of Bonn, Dr. Lange, the German editor, was a preacher and pastor the first fifteen years of his public life, since which time he has been professor of theology from 1841 to 1854 in the university of Zurich, in Switzerland, and from 1854 to the present time in the university where he was educated, that of Bonn, in Prussia. While a pastor, he began to attract public attention by his articles in the periodicals, also by his poems and sermons, but especially by his work on the history of the infancy of our Saviour against Strauss's "Life of Jesus." And, curiously enough, he was called to the University of Zurich, as professor of theology in the place of Strauss, "who had been appointed by the radical and infidel administration of that canton, but was prevented from taking possession of the chair by a religious and political revolution of the people." He is a prolific author. The book before us gives a list of twenty-seven different works in belles-lettres, aesthetics, hymnology, ecclesiastical history, and theology, prior to the commencement of his commentary. Dr. Schaff pronounces his "Life of Jesus" the fullest and ablest modern work on the subject and the best positive refutation of Strauss. And he says of the author: "He combines an unusual variety of gifts, and excels as a theologian, philosopher, poet, and preacher. He is at home in the ideal heights and mystic depths of nature and revelation, and yet has a clear and keen eye for the actual and real world around him."

The American editor, Dr. Schaff, is too well known in this country, as a preacher, professor, scholar, theologian, and historian of the church, to require description or indorsement. It is no disparagement to the original author, or any of the contributors, to say that the best parts of the book before us are from his pen—so much the best, that we have found ourselves continually regretting that he did not persevere in his early plan and purpose of publishing a commentary of his own, instead of editing that of another.

Besides the original contributions of all the eminent divines, European and American, who co-operate directly in the work, the plan contemplates, as will be seen from the title-page, "additions" "selected" from a wide range of other ancient and modern authors, beginning with the early Christian fathers and coming down through the middle ages and the reformers to the German, English, and American commentators of our own day, and these not merely in the citation of authorities and the discussion of opinions touching the meaning of the text, but also in the form of ethical and homiletical remarks, or, in plain English, practical observations. The American work that most nearly resembles it in this respect is the "Comprehensive Commentary," although it exceeds that in the range and richness of its selections scarcely less than in the extent of its learning and the breadth of its views.

After this statement of the idea and plan of the work, we are prepared to estimate its merits as a commentary. Our readers have probably anticipated our verdict. It follows almost necessarily from the plan on which the work is conducted. We read it in a perpetual conflict between our admiration of its excellences and our dissatisfaction for its faults. We are happy to add, however, that the admiration greatly

* "The Gospel according to Matthew, together with a general theological and homiletical introduction to the New Testament." By John Peter Lange, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Bonn. Translated from the third German edition, with additions original and selected, by Philip Schaff, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

prevails over the dissatisfaction, as the faults are greatly outweighed by the excellences.

It scarcely need be said that it is a work of great learning. The name of Dr. Schaff alone were sufficient guarantee for this. But, aside from him, it represents the best and the most advanced biblical scholarship of Europe and America. The Greek text is criticised with great care in the light of the most recent discoveries. Dr. Schaff has added much to its value by noting in the critical commentary the readings of the famous Codex Sinaiticus, the manuscript which Tischendorf found in the convent on Mount Sinai too late to be consulted by Dr. Lange even in his third edition. For although all the discrepancies in all the hundreds of known manuscripts are insufficient to unsettle or alter a single doctrine or precept of Christianity, the comparison of this most recently discovered but perhaps oldest and certainly most complete and most valuable manuscript, brought in from so independent a source, strengthens the evidence of the essential purity and integrity of the sacred text, while it also sheds new light or imparts a fresh color to the reading of some passages. Instead of the new translation of the sacred text which Dr. Lange gives in the original, the American edition adopts the authorized English version according to the present standard edition of the American Bible Society. This is to some extent a loss to the critical American student. But it is inevitable, since a translation of Dr. Lange's version would have been a translation of a translation, and the chief advantages of a new version are secured by improved renderings, so far as necessary, inserted in the text and justified in the critical notes below. By the way, Dr. Schaff makes some remarks in his preface on revisions of the authorized English version which we heartily approve: "Our incomparable English Bible stands in no need of a radical revision; its idiom, beauty, and vigor are all that can be desired. But no good scholar will deny that it can be greatly improved as to clearness and accuracy. A final revision for popular use should proceed from a body of scholars representing the British and American Bible Societies, and all the Protestant churches which worship God in the English language, and have an equal claim to this inestimable inheritance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." The critical foot-notes on the Greek text and English version are, to the scholar, among the most valuable portions of the commentary; and the most valuable part of them, as Americans we are proud to say, is contributed by Dr. Schaff.

Before proceeding further with our criticisms, we must premise that, besides the critical foot-notes, the commentary on each section is divided into three parts—the critical and exegetical, the doctrinal and ethical, and the homiletical and practical. The reader is thus necessitated to go over each portion of Scripture four times in succession. This is an infelicity scarcely compensated by the variety and richness of the materials of which he is thus put in possession. The exegetical commentary, partly as the necessary result of the plan, is meager, barren, dry, and unsatisfactory. Dr. Schaff has done what he could to supplement and enliven it by additions from the best American and English commentaries. But it is still far inferior in value and interest to such exegetical commentaries as Alford on the Gospels, Hackett and Alexander on the Acts, and Ellicott on the Epistles. The juice of the passage is inevitably drawn off from the exegetical part into the doctrinal and the practical. The doctrinal and ethical commentary is evangelical in sentiment, rich in thought, often racy in expression, suggestive of new views, or rather new aspects of religious truth, and, like Tholuck, Olshausen, and the best German commentators of the evangelical school, eminently fitted to impress the reader with the wonderful variety, depth, and power of the Gospel of Christ. The homiletical and practical commentary also illustrates strikingly the many-sidedness of the Scriptures and the inexhaustible riches and infinite applicability to human life in all its aspects of the teachings of him who was the son of man and at the same time the Son of God. The mind of Dr. Lange views the truths of revelation not only in their theological and practical but also in their poetical and philosophical aspects, and each one of the great number of other ancient and modern

authors whom he quotes, with especial frequency in the homiletical part of the commentary, reflects some new beauty, some peculiar hue or tint of the many-colored beams of the Sun of Righteousness. But this affluence of illustration and suggestion is distracting, wearying, almost overwhelming to the reader. And this painful effect is greatly aggravated by the entire want of logical connection and coherence between the practical observations. They are suggested, perhaps, by the passage of Scripture, though even this bond of connection is often far from being sufficiently obvious. But they have no law of mutual relation and succession among themselves. The homiletical part is, in fact, an encyclopedia of apophthegms and applications of Scripture, and the whole commentary is a perfect wilderness, in which the traveler is lost in the very process of admiring the variety, grandeur, and luxuriance of the growth by which he is surrounded. There is *too much* thought, too much learning, too many opinions, too many illustrations. The unlettered reader would be bewildered before he had read half a dozen pages, and go distracted if he should undertake to read a single volume through in course. The title-page informs us that the commentary is written "with special reference to ministers and students." But "ministers and students" must take care *how* they use it. We would as soon think of reading a dictionary or an encyclopedia through as of reading this commentary for morning and evening devotions, or pursuing it in course as an exegetical or theological study. They should resort to it, as occasion demands, as a book of reference, as a storehouse of thought, as a mine of spiritual riches. And then they must look out sharp, or they will find themselves poor indeed when they flatter themselves they are rich, because they are rich only in the thoughts of others. Dr. Schaff "confesses that he was at first prejudiced against this part of the commentary (the homiletical), fearing that it made the work of the preacher too easy." We confess that we are of the same opinion still.

Dr. Schaff's preface and Dr. Lange's introductions, general and special, are exceedingly rich in the rarest and ripest fruits of learning and thought. They forcibly suggest how different a thing, how much higher and better, but at the same time how much more difficult a work a good commentary is now than it was half a century ago. These introductory sections, occupying some forty-five pages, are alone worth the price of the book.

The reader will look in vain in this commentary for the clear, sharp, definite, and positive expositions and doctrines of Stuart, Barnes, Owen, and our American commentators generally. Those are peculiar to America; we might say, perhaps, they are of New England origin and Edwardsian parentage. At any rate they are not German. And they have great merits. American readers, American theologians especially, feel a real satisfaction in knowing just what a man thinks, believes, and teaches. There is a pleasure in breathing such a clear, strong, bracing atmosphere, if it is a little cold and crisp. Americans like to deal with facts. The Germans, on the other hand, delight in fancies and speculations. They are not afraid of a little mist and moonshine. Things look larger and more beautiful in it. Speculation and fancy, mist and moonshine are not wanting in this commentary. We had marked some passages for illustration and animadversion. But they may be found in almost any section. Dr. Lange does not know how to draw the line between substance and costume in a parable. He finds a mysterious significance in the three measures of meal, the twelve apostles, the forty days of the temptation, and all the numbers that occur in the Scriptures. And Dr. Schaff is a German, though born and bred in America. Mysticism and symbolism hold a pretty large place in this commentary. There is, perhaps, a prevailing tendency in the editors to be wise above what is written and to find more in a text than it really contains. But American commentators err in the opposite extreme. The German commentaries are broader, deeper, richer, more suggestive, more suffused with imagination and emotion. At the same time the best of them are not less spiritual and evangelical than our own, not less saturated with the Christian spirit. And this is one of the best. We welcome

such importations, especially when they are so appropriated and assimilated as to be made truly our own. They enrich the minds and hearts, as successive immigrations have enriched the blood, of the American people. And we rejoice to learn that an enterprise which involves so much labor to the editors and so much expense to the publishers is meeting at its commencement with so ample a reward. W. S. T.

TEMPERANCE RECOLLECTIONS.*

THERE is no man whose name has been so long and so closely identified with the so-called "temperance cause" in this country as Rev. John Marsh, D.D., and, therefore, none so well fitted to record its eventful history as he. Such a history the work before us aims to be. The author styles it "an autobiography," which, to a limited extent, it is; but, in strict truth, it is less an autobiography of Dr. Marsh than a sketch of the temperance agitation in the United States and his connection therewith. Regarding the book in this light, we cordially commend it to the public. It is the most complete monograph on the subject that has appeared, and however much one may differ from the views advanced therein, he cannot but admire the succinctness of the narrative and the tolerant spirit which pervades the book from cover to cover. Without yielding one iota of the ground occupied now more than half a century ago, Dr. Marsh is never betrayed into the use of opprobrious epithets towards those who disagree with the opinions he holds. In this he shows a consciousness of strength as well as sound sense, and it would have been well for the cause that he advocates if in the days of its greatest agitation the same spirit had been manifested by all its champions. Moreover, Dr. Marsh has evinced a commendable modesty in keeping himself in the background, except so far as the mention of his name in an official capacity was necessary to the completeness of his story. But he so far forgets himself at the close as to insert in an "appendix" a speech delivered by him in London twenty years ago, a batch of laudatory letters received by him within the last six months, and a list of contributions to a testimonial to him, amounting at the time of the publication of the book to \$1,510. For his sake, we wish the sum were ten times as great, for if there be a man who deserves well of the friends of temperance it is the Rev. John Marsh, D.D. He has devoted nearly the whole of his life since he attained his majority to this great cause, and now that he is an old man (being in his seventy-ninth year), and the organization with which he was connected for thirty years has been merged into another, it is but fitting that the advocates of total abstinence should present him with some more substantial pledge of their appreciation of his faithful labors than complimentary letters and resolutions. He has worked while others won the applause. All he had to give he has given to the temperance movement, while others have given of their abundance, and now, when years press upon him because of their number, he retires from active service, like some old warrior who has fought long and well, and leaves to younger hands the work which hitherto devolved upon him.

The history of the temperance movement in this country is full of instruction. We say its *history*, for we regard it as a thing of the past. What did it aim to do, to what extent were its aims realized, and wherein lay its mistakes, if any there were, are questions which are obviously suggested by Dr. Marsh's "Temperance Recollections." Just forty years ago last February the first national temperance organization was founded, taking for its name "The American Temperance Society," and for its motto "Temperate drinking the downhill road to intemperance." State and local societies were subsequently formed in the various states, and in May, 1838, the first national convention was held in Philadelphia. At the time that this great movement was inaugurated the use of intoxicating beverages was almost universal and drunkenness was alarmingly prevalent. It required no small amount of courage, therefore, for men to take a stand for absolute abstinence from all such beverages. Yet just this was what was done by the temperance men.

* "Temperance Recollections: Labors, Defeats, Triumphs An Autobiography." By John Marsh, D.D. Charles Scribner & Co., New York, 1866. Pp. 373.

They agitated the subject at all times and at all places; in public and in private; in the church and out of it; in religious bodies and in state legislatures. They appealed unceasingly to individuals to sign a pledge of total abstinence, and to organizations, ecclesiastical and legislative, to denounce and stop the traffic in liquor. And what has been the result of all this? Let us first hear Dr. Marsh's reply to the inquiry:

"To understand what has been done, we must go back to the day when drinking was universal; when no table was properly spread unless it contained a full supply of intoxicating drink; when no man could be respectable who did not furnish it to his guest; when no man had the liberty of refusing it, on its being offered him; when no laborer could be found who, for any price, would work without strong drink; no farm, no manufacturing, no mechanical work could be carried forward unless it was furnished; when no sailor would enlist for a voyage without his spirit ration, and no soldier enter the army unless this was secured; when on all parties of pleasure it had a prominent place; when ministers of the Gospel, meeting for association or ordination, were abundantly supplied by their people; and when moderate drinkers and those who sold the drink that destroyed body and soul were received without hesitancy, if piety was unquestioned, to the Church of God; when all the natural results of so much drinking were common and universal; and when enormous sums in every town and city were worse than wasted, keeping the people in poverty and ignorance and without most of the comforts now enjoyed. Such times I knew."—Page 348.

"But to speak positively—a mighty work has been accomplished, and few are the men who will not acknowledge it. If we had only gained the liberty of drinking or not drinking, as we pleased; of having or not having the drink on our tables, as we pleased; of giving workmen drink or not giving, as we pleased; we should have accomplished a great work. But we have gained a vast and most important knowledge of the subject of intemperance; the nature, cause, and cure of drunkenness; the nature of the alcoholic poisons and subject of adulteration. We have firmly established the great principles of temperance; we have driven liquor from our farms, our manufactories, our firesides, our sideboards, our shipping, our navy; from our Christian and ministerial families, our pulpits and Christian churches, and all missionary stations, and from among those who would evangelize and save the world. Here, under God, are the triumphs of temperance."—Page 349.

Truly a great work and well done! But is this all? Is total abstinence the rule or the exception in the community at large? Candor compels us to say that it is the latter. For at least ten years past the cause of temperance has flagged, despite the persistent efforts of its advocates to bolster it up. There have been temperance orders, temperance meetings, and national temperance conventions, but the old spirit which used to pervade them no longer prevails. John B. Gough, who won his fame as a public speaker by his addresses on temperance, can draw more people to hear him on some miscellaneous subject than he can if his theme is announced to be temperance. Wine is more common on the table than it was fifteen years ago; nay, more, there are not a few persons who a few years since were vigorous advocates of total abstinence, but who now use ardent spirits as a beverage and offer them to their guests. Yet, for all this, we doubt if intemperance is as prevalent now as it was twenty years ago. For this let the temperance movement receive all the credit. If it has not accomplished all that its adherents designed, it has done a great service.

The mistakes of the advocates of total abstinence we have space only to mention in brief. Their first error was the undue importance which they attached to their cause. Excited by success, they placed it before everything else, and welcomed to fellowship men who were despised by the community, so long as they were disposed to urge upon others the duty of temperance. Again, they held up to undeserved ridicule those who would not go to the full extent of their doctrine, and committed the folly of characterizing such persons as being as bad, if not worse, than men who were grossly intemperate. Moreover, they set a premium upon intemperance by making special ado over every person who had reformed from drunkenness, and soliciting particular attention to them because of such reformation; indeed, many of our readers can remember that when a temperance meeting was to be held it was considered by the managers of it a great card if they could secure some reformed inebriate, and announce that So-and-so, "the reformed drunkard," would deliver an address. Fancy one of our great religious organizations, which so recently held their anniversaries in this city, advertising among the names of those who would address it

that of Rev. Mr. A, "the reformed libertine," or of Dr. B, "the repentant robber." Such devices are unworthy of a good cause, and it is a sure sign of weakness when resort is had to them. The crowning error of the advocates of total abstinence was the attempt to mold legislation in accordance with their views. So long as they appealed to the consciences of individuals or of the community at large, they gained a hold upon the people which could not easily be loosened; but when in place of such appeals they substituted compulsion by legal enactments, they lost that hold. One man can lead a horse to the water, but ten cannot make him drink. Human nature is always open to persuasion, never to compulsion. From the moment of the adoption of the Maine law, in 1854, to the present time, the cause of temperance has been waning. It has never recovered from that false step.

We have mentioned what seem to us the more conspicuous causes of the decline of the temperance movement in this country, but there are many minor ones which, were not our space exhausted, we should like to specify. But we must stop a moment to condemn the practice, once so common, of inducing children to sign the pledge before they were old enough to comprehend what they were doing. The writer of this article remembers signing a pledge at Sunday-school every Sunday, when he did not know so much as the meaning of the words in which it was couched, and still less of the obligation he was supposed to assume by appending his name to the said pledge.

After all that has been said and done, it must be acknowledged that the use of intoxicating liquors is one thing, its abuse quite another thing; and that whether one will use them or not as beverages, is a matter to be settled by the conscience of each individual. That drinking of itself is morally wrong, is a proposition absurd on its very face; yet there may be and are circumstances under which it would be so. What constitute such circumstances each person is to determine. On the other hand, there may be and are conditions in which the use of liquor is positively beneficial; yet it by no means follows that it is always so. The true way to dispose of the matter, as it seems to us, is to leave it to the individual conscience. Legislation can only regulate its sale, not its use. On this ground we rejoice at the new excise law recently put in operation in this city. It may be faulty in some of its details, but its scope and aims entitle it to the support of all good citizens. It is a great improvement upon the Maine laws of ten years ago, in that it infringes upon no right of the citizen and will stand the test of constitutionality. Still, let the laws regulating the traffic in liquor be never so stringent, the question at its last analysis resolves itself into one of conscience, and is to be answered by each man and woman for himself and herself. All who indulge in the use of liquor are not drunkards or likely to become such, nor are all who abstain therefrom saints. The use of them is not wrong *per se*, but the wrong consists in the abuse. Just where the abuse begins, each person must determine for himself; this is the sum and substance of the whole matter

H. E. S.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Gilbert Rugg. A Novel." By the author of "A First Friendship." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. Pp. 225.

The assurance of the title-page is necessary to convince us that "Gilbert Rugg" is from the same pen as "A First Friendship," which we remember as a novel guarded by so inordinate a vista of preparatory chapters, that we relinquished in despair the task of penetrating them. In "Gilbert Rugg" the writer plunges with the first sentence in *medias res*, and commences at once the development of a wealth of plot which is held so steadily in view to the last page that the book contains scarcely a paragraph that could be abridged. A very clever, gracefully written story, neither the incidents nor the characters are remarkably novel. The hero is the well-worn young gentleman who starts in life under the most favorable auspices, is lured away from his first love by a city beauty of high rank with whom his sui-

eventually prospers, only that she may jilt him heartlessly upon the discovery that he is the offspring of a *mesalliance*, hitherto successfully concealed by his family from himself and the world; poverty and other misfortunes accumulate about him that his character may be purified by adversity in the orthodox manner, which being happily accomplished, and having furthermore achieved success, as usual, in literature, he woos for the third time his first love, is accepted, and married; retributive justice in various forms overtakes the evil-minded, and the book closes with the staple migrations to Australia and two-fold marriage which have been such a god-send to modern English novelists.

Trite enough in itself, the plot derives considerable interest from the numerous and well-contrived episodes interwoven in it. The characters are well drawn, though the greatly superior delineation of the women over the men affords sufficient proof that the writer is a woman. None of the scenes are forced; all vivid, and many possessing remarkable dramatic power. The book shows abundant talent, and a very pleasant undercurrent of quiet, unobtrusive humor, but is sadly deficient in originality. Its scheme, which we have outlined, may be found in a dozen previous novels; its best characters have appeared before in the pages of Dickens and Thackeray. Miss Harlixtowe, the faithless young woman of the world, is but an Ethel Newcome who does not relent and reform. Mrs. Doomsley, the morbidly religious lady whose ascetic and sour creed permits her to inherit a fortune she knew to be designed for others, whom she thereby plunges into poverty, makes it a point to "sow the good seed broadcast" by distributing tracts among the starving, just as Lady Southdown was wont to disseminate "The Flesh-Pots Broken, or the Converted Cannibal," and "The Washerwoman of Finchley Common;" and has children with missionary boxes like Mrs. Jellyby's. Indeed, all the humor has the mannerism of Dickens; the descriptions of stages and inns and low life are his; in an opening chapter (p. 25) a seafaring orator becomes hopelessly involved in a speech closely modeled upon Jack Bunby's "opinion;" and another nautical hero with a wooden leg presents a constant, though more remote, similitude to Captain Cuttle. The hag whose divulgence of the family secret precipitates all the trouble is a combination of Meg Merrilies and good Mrs. Brown, discharging the same functions; and the sergeant seeks refuge in flight from the presumed discredit he brings upon his son's refinement, as Jo Gargery did from Pip. To do the writer justice, these imitations seem rather to be unconscious and the result of the old tracks in which the story runs than to arise from any intention of plagiarism; unfortunately, there is a frequent lapse into the vulgarity made detestable by Mrs. Henry Wood—the only vulgarity, however, that we find in the book—that of pointing out, in parenthetical and prophetic asides to the reader, the important bearings that the scenes under consideration have upon the fortunes of the characters.

There are other faults of structure—such as the repetition by different characters of substantially the same scene with the same consequences (pp. 146, 210), and of making the presumed death of two different persons essential to the plot—but we have already dwelt too fully upon the faults of "Gilbert Rugg," despite which it is a novel of much more than ordinary interest and talent. The publishers would do well to have the proof-reading of the earlier parts of the book sufficiently revised to eliminate the frequent typographical errors, chief among which, perhaps, is an allusion to a cattle-scene "after Cury." Even in their handsome edition of "Vanity Fair" this carelessness was so painfully manifest that, among other blunders and inconsistencies, the leading English journal was variously designated *The Times*, the *Times*, the "Times," and the *Times*.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. M. W. DODD has lately published a charming edition of "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell"—in many respects the best book of its talented and voluminous author, Miss Manning, who, if we remember

rightly, is a daughter of Charles Lamb's old friend of that name. Whether it was her first work we have not learned, but it was the first of her works which fell into our hands, now some ten years since; and we shall never forget the impression it made upon our mind by its tender and womanly spirit, and by its faithful reproduction of the time in which it is laid, viz., between 1643 and 1646—eventful years in the history of England, and still more eventful years in the history of its hero, Mr. John Milton, the crewlike author of "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." Works of the class to which it belongs were not so common in English literature as they have since become, thanks to the creative genius of Miss Manning and the kindred talent of the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." That they demand powers of a peculiar order, such as fall to the lot of few, is manifest, but what these powers are it is not easy to say, further than that they include the faculty of complete absorption in the subject chosen and the character of the person whose identity is assumed, together with an intimate and minute knowledge of times, events, manners, and customs, and, above all, of biography. The novelist may, the historical novelist must, possess these powers; but they imply others which few novelists have. Sir Walter Scott had his share of them, but he could not have written "Mary Powell," neither could De Foe, the most perfect master of the realistic school that the world has yet seen. No one, indeed, but a woman could have written it, and "Cherry and Violet," and the rest of Miss Manning's delightful biographies, life-histories, or whatever is the best name for them. As Mr. Dodd has begun so well, we hope he will go on with the series, which cannot fail to be a success should he continue it in the unique and perfect style which has characterized it so far.

MESSRS. STRAHAN & Co. have reprinted "The Dean's English: A Criticism on the Dean of Canterbury's Essays on the Queen's English," by Mr. G. Washington Moon, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and a very clever fellow, too, though we imagine the learned dean hardly regards him in that light. Few readers of English philology but have at least skimmed over the dean's volume, which is really interesting in spite of the slipshod manner in which it is written. It occasioned a great deal of comment in England when it was first published, but nothing that will compare with Mr. Moon's little book, which contains some of the best specimens of verbal criticism that we have ever seen, and which we commend to the attention of our readers. It may seem a small thing for one to blunder occasionally in the grammatical construction of sentences, and in giving to words a sense which they ought not to bear, but, unfortunately, the corruptions of our language spring from just such trifles, which should be nipped in the bud, when once the rat is smelled, as Sir Boyle Roach would say. We speak and write, the best of us, altogether too much slovenly and bad English, sometimes from mere carelessness, but oftener, it is to be feared, from sheer ignorance. The way to cure ourselves of the last fault is by the reading of such books as this of Mr. Moon, and even that of Dean Alford, which is valuable for its criticism, although anything but a model itself in English composition.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT have lately published a translation, by Mr. Charles G. Leland, of Baron Joseph Von Eichendorff's "Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing." Merely as a book, without any reference to its contents, it is one of the prettiest things that Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have ever published, containing a pictorial title-page and sundry vignettes, in the shape of initial letters, and head and tail pieces to the different chapters, by E. B. Bensell, who is evidently a German artist. Besides his translation of the story, which, so far as we can judge, is excellently done, Mr. Leland contributes a memoir of its writer which is interesting, though far from satisfactory to a reader with bibliographical tastes. He mentions, for instance, a number of von Eichendorff's works, and gives the date of publication of several of them, but fails to give the date of the "Good-for-Nothing," which must have been written in the neighborhood of forty years ago. Of the work itself he writes as follows: "The 'Good-for-Nothing,' or, as it is called in German, 'From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing,' has a peculiar value in the history of literature, or of 'culture,' in being, I may say, the early swallow of that spring of pleasant artist-life novels which have, since its appearance, been written in almost every European language. Like a bird, the youthful hero flits along with his music over Austria and Italy, as semi-mysterious in his unpremeditated course, fed by chance, and as pleasing in his artless character. It is worth noting that more than one person has perused this little novel—I may confess to

have finished in like manner the translation—without once reflecting that the gay Good-for-nothing has nowhere any name given to him, and that several of the *dramatis personæ* are equally anonymous. Again, I may remark that I can recall no novel in which we are so certain that the hero is strikingly handsome; nay, we almost see him before us, a sun-burned Adonis, with large black eyes; and yet nothing more than the merest hints are given as to his personal appearance. It is, in fact, strikingly characteristic of the whole book, that it abounds in those adroitly-hidden touches of art which produce an effect without betraying effort on the part of the writer. We are willing to declare that we never read a story so light and airy, or one betraying so little labor; but critical study soon tells us *quant' e difficile queste facili!* all this ease is the grace of a true genius, who makes no false steps, and has carefully estimated his own powers. It is, consequently, a book for the old as well as the young, for ladies as well as gentlemen, and will, I trust, prove equally acceptable to all." Thus far Mr. Leland concerning the "Good-for-nothing," and rightly too, if we are any judges. At any rate we agree with him in thinking it an acceptable volume.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In the last number of "The Galaxy" is an account of a dinner at the Century Club to celebrate the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, whereat Mr. Richard Grant White asserted in response to a toast that he could find, after most careful research through all the works of the poet, but one passage in praise of woman as a sex, viz.: the following lines from "Love's Labor Lost," which he justly pronounces "cold and conceitish":

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the locks, the arts, the academes
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

It seems strange, if the report in "The Galaxy" be correct, as I presume it is, that so accomplished a Shakespearean scholar should have overlooked the well-known passage in "Twelfth Night" where Viola alludes to her hidden love for the Duke, and where he might have found a most graceful compliment to the sex as well as a beautiful expression of a natural law:

DUKE. "Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we may praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."—ACT II, Sc. 4.

Perhaps a second examination would reveal to Mr. White even stronger reasons for revising his judgment; for I can scarcely conceive that the pencil which has drawn so many and so various individual female portraits of such exceeding beauty, should be dipped only in sepia and india-ink to paint the sex itself.

Yours truly, D. A. C.

THE article in THE ROUND TABLE of May 12th, "A Plain Talk with American Writers," has drawn from Mr. Charles Astor Bristed the note below:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Happening to see in your paper an assertion that "even Brownell, Boker, and Leland are dumb," I beg leave to assure that the last is nothing of the sort.

The silence of our comparatively few writers who can write, may be easily accounted for by the fact that the American public has lost (temporarily, it is to be hoped) all appreciation and even comprehension of real wit and humor. Cause—whether the war or other—doubtful; fact, too plain to any man who has received a liberal education.

The private correspondence of Halleck and Leland (and probably other authors) is full of things which, *mutatis mutandis*, would half make their fortunes in English weeklies, but they know better than to publish them here. Your obedient servant, C. A. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Please give me your opinion of that song in "Tennyson's Princess" beginning "Sweet and low, sweet and low." It seems, in my humble judgment, to be nonsense, containing a few commonplace ideas, spread out thinly in tiresome repetitions.

I know that the object of the song, and to whom sung, should be taken into consideration. But because addressed to a baby, was it necessary to make it "babyish"? Is not sense and poetry sacrificed to melody, and is the sacrifice justifiable? If intended to be sung to a baby, it is not certainly intended to be read by one. Your decision will be accepted as a settlement of a prolonged discussion between myself and a friend.

To whom does Browning's "Lost Leader" refer? Very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. G. BIERCE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 9, 1866.

We have no decision to render in the matter, further than to say that the song in question has always appeared to us delightful of its kind. The Elizabethan poets, Shakespeare among others, abound in similar pieces of verbal music, and we are content to let them have

their swing. And why not Tennyson, likewise? It is not for us to question the whims of the great masters, which often "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." "The Lost Leader" is understood to refer to Wordsworth—why, we have never fully understood.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you inform me whether the character of Peregrine Cope in Wm. North's novel, "The Man of the World" (The Slave of the Lamp), is intended for any real person, or is he simply a fictitious being intended to lighten the color of the absurd and untrue picture of the late Fitz-James O'Brien (as that gentleman seems to figure in the book under the pseudonym of Fitz-Gammon O'Bouncer)? If you can oblige me by answering this you would confer a favor on

A READER.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1866.

We are not able to give our correspondent the information which he seeks as regards the character in question. Fitz-Gammon O'Bouncer was undoubtedly intended to be a satirical portrait of O'Brien.

MR. J. H. ELLIOT sends us from Brattleboro', Vermont, an answer to Mr. E. C. Stedman's poem, "The Undiscovered Country," in THE ROUND TABLE of May 5:

HOPE:

A RESPONSE TO "THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

We cannot know
Aught of that far-off realm, by us named Heaven,
Where, in our fancy, lilies pure as snow
Fleck all the emerald meadows, which are riven
By wondrous singing streams. We cannot know
Until we go.

We may not tell
If our freed spirits, searching, shall discover
The kindred souls of those we loved so well,
Who, when they passed Death's midnight river over,
Passed speechless and alone. We may not tell,
Nor yet rebel.

Have we not left
That grand impulse to every great endeavor,
Which swatches the broken heart, by partings cleft?
Hope, skyward, burns its beacon-light for ever,
Beckoning us towards the Truth: This we have left
Who are bereft.

AN anonymous correspondent, who is evidently a lady, sends us another reply to the same poem.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

"Who would not go,"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-ear,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness, with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Everliving—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:
"Eye hath not seen"—no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command—
His opening hand!

Oh, dear ones there,
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, ere long, your blessed home to share;
We take the guiding Hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air
That land so fair!

J. H. T.

PERSONAL.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND has sold his interest in the Springfield *Republican* to Mr. William M. Pomeroy, one of its editors, and proposes to travel in Europe at some future period. Mr. Pomeroy graduated at Amherst in 1861, and is an able and accomplished journalist.

MR. THEODORE TILTON has been guilty of modesty. Read the following note, addressed by him to the editor of the "Phrenological Journal," and judge:

"MR. S. R. WELLS:

"MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your request for my biography, I have only to say that I was born in New York city, October 2, 1835; that I have as yet done nothing worth mentioning; and that I cannot tell when I shall die. This is the whole story.

"Yours truly, THEODORE TILTON."

And a very good story it is, especially the second chapter, in which the hero confesses to have done nothing worth mentioning—a piece of self-knowledge which cannot be enough commended.

MR. BENSON J. LOSSING is said to be at Mobile collect-

ing materials for his "Illustrated History of the Rebellion."

MR. GEORGE H. MOORE, the librarian of the New York Historical Society, proposes, if sufficient encouragement shall be given, to publish "The Statutes at Large of New York," from 1664 to 1691, a period of state history in which the laws were published in manuscript, there being no printing-press here until after the English Revolution of 1688.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is complimented by the *Spectator* on his "Story of Kennett."

DR. W. A. HAMMOND has returned from his foreign tour.

GENERAL JUBAL EARLY is understood to be writing a history of his campaigns.

MISS ELIZABETH WARNER, the writer of "The Wide, Wide World," has lately written a juvenile story, which will appear in *Harper's Weekly*. Its title is "The Three Little Spades."

MR. HORATIO ALGER, JR., the author of "Frank's Campaign," "Prescott's Charge," etc., has just finished a novel which is soon to be published in Boston. He is also engaged upon a new boy's book, which will be issued in the fall.

THE HON. J. H. TURNBULL, of Hartford, is to edit the "Indian Key" for the Narragansett Club, of Rhode Island. His introduction and notes will embody, it is said, over two years' research into our early aboriginal literature.

MISS THACKERAY, the daughter of the novelist and the author of "The Story of Elizabeth," is said to have written a new novel which may soon be looked for in the "Cornhill Magazine."

M. HENRI MARTIN, the historian, has at last been elected a member of the French Academy.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS's story of "Armada" will be finished in the June number of the "Cornhill" and the July number of "Harper."

MR. BOUCAULT's "Arrah na Pogue" is about to be produced at the Gaité under the title of "Les Noces Irlandaises."

MR. H. B. GEORGE, the editor of the *Alpine Journal*, is about to publish a book of interest, under the title of "The Oberland and its Glaciers Explored and Illustrated with Ice-Ax and Camera."

M. MIREX, the Jewish financier, has purchased the *Presse*, which he will employ in maintaining the temporal power of the Pope.

M. DE GIRARDIN, the former editor of the *Presse*, on succeeding from its chair, went over to the *Liberté*, a journal which was about to perish, but which, under his management, gained in a month a large circulation, much, it is said, to the chagrin of the French government. M. Girardin's successor in the *Presse*, M. Emile Ollivier, who brought upon the paper two warnings, has applied to the authorities for permission to establish a new paper, *La Peuple*, but so far it has not been granted to him.

M. RENAN is about to publish a new edition of his "Vie de Jésus," with considerable alterations and an appendix, in which he states in detail his reasons for regarding the Gospel of John as genuine and authentic, contrary to the opinions of most rationalists.

PROF. TISCHENDORF, the biblical critic and discoverer of the "Codex Sinaiticus," has received from the Emperor of Austria the cross of the order of Francis-Joseph.

MR. DION BOUCAULT is calling on the English government to make alterations in the copyright convention with France so as to protect French dramatic writers against the piracy of their works in England, a proceeding very much like the cry of "Stop thief!" from the light-fingered gentry themselves.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. STRAHAN & Co. announce an illustrated edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's "Studies for Stories;" "The Boyle Lectures for 1866," by Prof. E. H. Plumptre, the translator of Sophocles; "The Prophet Jonah: his Life and Mission, Illustrated and Applied," by the Rev. Hugh Martin, M.A.; "The Philosophy of the Conditioned: Sir William Hamilton and John Stuart Mill," by the Rev. H. L. Mansell, professor of philosophy, Oxford; "Thoughts and Opinions," by Matthew Browne; "Biographical Studies," by Bessie Rayner Parkes; "The Higher Education of Woman," by Emily Davies; a new and revised edition of "The Regular Round," by Harry Jones; "The Letters of Eugénie de Guérin;" "The Romance of Charity;" "Peeps at Foreign Countries;" "Errands of Mercy;" "Truth in Tales;" "The Discoveries" of the Astronomer revealing 'God's Glory in the

Heavens;" "Lives and Deeds worth Knowing About;" "Chapters in Science for Boys;" a new edition of "Lilliput Levee," by Henry Holbeach; "The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town," by Hans Christian Andersen; "The Washerwoman's Foundling," by William Gilbert; "Edwin's Fairing;" "Æsop's Fables," with one hundred illustrations by eminent artists; and Strahan's "Treasure Books," a series of popular volumes, including "The Treasure Book of Devotional Reading;" "The Treasure Book of Praise and Thanksgiving;" "The Treasure Book of Consolation for the Afflicted;" "The Treasure Book of Scriptural Facts;" "The Treasure Book of Good Men's Prayers;" "The Treasure Book of Good Men's Thoughts;" and "The Treasure Book of Counsel for Family Guidance."

MR. GEORGE W. CARLETON has in the press, "Taken upon Trust," and "The Golden Rule," by the author of "Recommended to Mercy;" "The Silent Woman," "King's Cope," and "Mr. Wrenne," by the author of "Beyminster;" "Woman, our Angel," by A. S. Roe; "Emilie," a sequel to "St. Leger," by Richard B. Kimball; "Among the Guerrillas," by Edmund Kirke; "Our Neighbors," by T. S. Arthur; a translation of "Les Apôtres," by M. Ernest Renan; "Mount Calvary," by Matthew Hale Smith; "Kate Marston;" "Memorials of the Elder Booth;" "Helen Courtney's Promise," by Mrs. Jarvey; "The Montanas," an American novel; and new works by Miss Augusta J. Evans, Mrs. Ritchie, Edmund Kirke, and Mr. Carleton himself, the last being "Our Artist in Peru," a series of humorous sketches of his adventures in that country.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS announce the third edition of "Ecce Homo," which, by the way, is in its seventh edition in England.

MR. D. VAN NOSTRAND has in preparation "Hunt's Designs for the Gates at the Southern Entrance of the New York Central Park."

MR. W. B. BRADBURY has in the press "The New Golden Chain," "Golden Hymns (Without Music)," and "Book of Worship (Hymns and Tunes)," by the Rev. W. L. Bacon.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLER & Co. will shortly publish "The Mayor of Windgap and other Tales," and "The Bit o' Writin' and other Tales," by Michael Banim, and the second volume of "Catholic Anecdotes, or the Catechism in Examples," by Mrs. J. Sadler.

MESSRS. JOHN WILEY & SON have nearly ready "The American Catalogue of Publications in the United States, 1861 to 1866," by James Kelly.

MESSRS. ORANGE JUDD & Co. have in the press "My Vineyard at Lakeview;" "Saunders's Domestic Poultry, revised edition;" and a new book on peat, by Professor Johnson.

MR. LAWRENCE KEROE announces "Christine: a Troubadour's Song, and Other Poems," by George H. Miles.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD announce "Practical and Scientific Fruit Culture," by Charles R. Baker; "Orographic Geology, or the Origin and Structure of Mountains," by George L. Vose; "Why not? a Book for Every Woman," by H. R. Storer, M.D.; and "The Way of the World," a novel, by William T. Adams.

MESSRS. PERKINPINE & HIGGINS have in preparation "Clarence; or, Self-Will and Principle," and "Our Willie."

MR. JOHN L. SHOREY has nearly ready the first issue of the gem series, entitled "The Emerald: A Collection of Graphic and Entertaining Tales, Brilliant Essays, Poems, etc.," edited by Epes Sargent. The second volume of the series will be entitled "The Sapphire."

LADY GEORGINA FULLER is about to publish a translation of a posthumous work by Silvio Pellico, entitled "The Life of the Marchioness Giulia Faletti, of Barolo."

MR. J. E. SKINNER has in the press a work entitled "After the Storm; or, Brother Jonathan and his Neighbors, 1865-6."

MR. EDMUND YATES is about to commence, in "Temple Bar," a series of papers entitled "Letters to Joseph."

THE forthcoming novel by the author of "Adam Bede" (her first work since the publication of "Romola"), the name of which is to be "Felix Holt, the Radical," is, it is said, in her early vein—the scene being laid in the Midland counties of England.

LADY EMILY PONSOMBY is about to publish a new novel entitled "Sir Owen Fairfax."

THE author of "Lost Sir Massingbird" has a novel in the press called "Mirk Abbey."

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND will soon publish "The Lives of the Seven Bishops of the Tower."

ART.

ART IN BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 7, 1866.

THERE are but five artists in Baltimore, although there are over 300,000 inhabitants. Baltimore has many lovers of art and some rare pictures. Among the notable artists who reside in this, the city of monuments, is Jas. K. Harley. Mr. Harley is a portrait painter. He is engaged upon a portrait of the late Gov. Hicks for the state of Maryland, and for which he is to receive \$1,800. Mr. Harley has been abroad, and, like nearly all Americans who go to Rome and Florence, to study art, has come back a copyist.

Col. John R. Johnston, the artist, resides here. He was originally from Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Johnston is an artist of rare merit; he is not only a portrait painter, but a landscape painter. Mr. Johnston has just completed a large picture entitled "Virginia," also one called the "Alleghanies." These two pictures will entitle Col. Johnston to one of the first positions as a landscape artist in America. His last picture, that of the Alleghanies, is full of that rich and varied coloring peculiar to scenery in West Virginia.

Miner K. Kellogg, the author of the painting "After the Bath," resides here, and has a studio. What Mr. Kellogg has on his easel no one has seen. He promises something better than "After the Bath." In the fall Mr. Kellogg will move to New York to reside.

Mr. Widenbach, a German artist of some note as a teacher, has of late done some things which entitle him to honorable mention. Mr. Widenbach is noted here for fine and delicate touch, and a careful finish much after the German school.

Charles Elliot, of New York, has just completed three of the best pictures ever painted by this great artist. One of William T. Walters, of our city. Mr. Walters intends sending it to France to have it compared with the celebrated French artist's. Many who have seen it, and who are judges, say it is the finest head ever painted in this or any other country. Mr. Walters has the finest collection of pictures outside of New York.

Mr. Andrew Way and Frank Meyer are both in Paris, painting. They are natives of Baltimore. Bierstadt's great picture of the "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" has just concluded its exhibitions here, after a very successful run of some weeks. This is regarded here as the best picture painted by Mr. Bierstadt. The art of landscape painting appears to occupy a higher degree of excellence than any other branch of art at the present time. There are no other artists worthy of mention here at present. In my next letter I shall show up some of our amateurs.

ART.

THREE PHILADELPHIA PICTURES.

THERE are now on exhibition at Mr. Earle's gallery, in Philadelphia, some remarkable paintings, views of Niagara, by James Hamilton, an artist whose reputation at present is, I fear, undeservedly local. Mr. Hamilton is, perhaps, too modest to trumpet his own productions, and the productions themselves have so much of the facility of genius and seem so graceful and poetical that the time and labor really bestowed upon them, as well as the powers of the artist, are perhaps too often underestimated. It is dangerous in our country to have attained that degree of excellence where art conceals itself. We are too raw and hasty to be worthy critics of any truly noble work. And because it is so hard for what is best in art and literature to make itself rightly appreciated, our art and literature have so little of the enduring and eternal about them. But to return to the pictures about which I began to write. They are three in number, and comprise a view of the Rapids, one of the Horse-shoe Falls, and a very large canvas entitled "Niagara on a Stormy Day in Autumn." The last is the best of the three, and in my opinion renders the force and grandeur of the great cataract—its sublimity and passion—with a power never surpassed. But in praising this I would not undervalue the others, which are only less worthy because their subjects are less sublime.

I do not intend to attempt to describe these works in detail. Suffice it to say that the scenes represented, and with which all are familiar, are rendered with a vividness and spirituality which only an artist of rarest technical power, yet gifted with profound poetic insight, could have bestowed.

It is greatly to be regretted that the room here devoted to the exhibition of these paintings, together with Bierstadt's "Yo Semite Valley," is totally inadequate in size. I trust sincerely that Mr. Hamilton may be induced to forward them to New York for exhibition. J. A. D.

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SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS:
Gould & Lincoln.

CORRESPONDENCE:

London.
Boston.
Philadelphia.

C. H. SWEETSER,
DORSEY GARDNER, } CONDUCTORS.
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE ROUND TABLE.
OFFICE: 133 NASSAU STREET.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

In the issue of THE ROUND TABLE for the coming week Mr. Dawson's sketches of the "Book-Clubs of America" will be resumed. This paper will also contain a corrected and enlarged list of authors and publishers, with their addresses.

THE FIELD FOR AMERICAN GENTLEMEN.

HALF a century ago England had a ready means of silencing that excessive self-glorification which has always been one of our national weaknesses by such interrogatories as those which Sydney Smith, in 1820, propounded through the "Edinburgh Review."

"During the thirty or forty years of their independence they (the Americans) have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of politics or political economy. Confining ourselves to our own country and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys?—their Robertsons, Blairs, Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses?—their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Bloomfields?—their Scotts, Rogerses, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes?—their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils?—their Wilkies, Lawrences, Chantreys?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blessed or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adoring race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians and surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans. What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?"

"When these questions are fairly and favorably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed; but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives?"

At the time when Sydney Smith wrote thus it was obviously unfair to institute such comparisons between a country whose refinement was the uninterrupted growth of centuries and whose scholars had been associated from childhood with a generation imbued, in its turn, with the accumulated learning of their forefathers, and one that had just struggled into life and was still arranging the foundations of its national greatness. To-day we might almost satisfy the proposed conditions and, citing in detail the achievements of the two nations since the taunt was uttered, sustain our claim to a rapidity and stability of growth, a progress in art and science and literature and manufactures, which were never made elsewhere in a similar period. But such self-assertion is peculiarly offensive, whether indulged in by Lafayette Kettle and Elijah Pogram or by Mr. Bancroft; and perhaps there is more profit to be derived from examining in what directions England still holds the lead, as she did in Sydney Smith's day, than from looking where we have overtaken or passed her.

Our advance has been most rapid in the directions which would naturally first engage the attention of a newly settled country. In the perfection of labor-saving machinery of all kinds—in the telegraph,

steam-navigation, the cotton gin, the sewing machine—we have made as rapid and useful contributions to the welfare of the race as were made for centuries before us. To every emergency in our national situation we have addressed ourselves with triumphant success. But, aside from our mere physical strength, it is mainly to a single class of men—to our mechanics and inventors—that we must look for our national achievements. Our progress in the æsthetical bears no comparison with that in the practical. The order of society which in England gives tone to the nation is with us not even of secondary influence. The possessors of wealth, refinement, culture, leisure, have failed either to assert the power it is desirable they should exercise, or to exert their means for the development of those branches of civilization and refinement which can only flourish under their auspices. We have produced writers whose works hold an unchallenged position among the classics of the language; we have a growing school of artists who need fear no comparison with those of Europe; but they meet among us with nothing like the appreciation and encouragement that would be awarded them abroad. The mass of the community is not yet educated up to the appreciative point; and those who are able to understand and take pleasure in polite pursuits have been content with merely accepting what is placed before them, withholding such material encouragement as would guarantee to talent an assured and enviable position.

Wealth with us is generally used with little regard to its responsibilities, none to its dignity. The great object of making money is that its owner may be enabled to make more, to administer some great corporation with monster dividends, to control and corrupt political action. Even when there is a disposition to make a more liberal use of it, it is generally manifested in a way so ineffectual as to show that the operation is unusual to a degree which puzzles them to decide how to set about it. To be a great patron of literature and the arts—a Mæcenas or a Dorset—is a thing which has as yet occurred to no American; and the most delicate expedient which has yet suggested itself appears to be the devising of a sum of money to a "college" that shall bear the donor's name and annually increase the number of fourth-rate men authorized to append A.M. to their names. Young men, in this country, who inherit wealth have come, by this state of things, to be a most unfortunate and pitiable class. Either they are drawn into the whirlpool of business and become engrossed in enlarging a fortune that brings no advantage to themselves or others, or they lounge listlessly through life, doing their best to leave the world flatter and more vapid than they found it, and achieving something memorable if they avoid ruining themselves and others.

It is evident that, in many respects, the nation must have its character formed by men of wealth, of leisure, of social position, or it will have none at all. In them alone can we hope to find a counterpoise to the narrow utilitarianism of the day, and the sordid, money-getting rush. If they are to be content to hold an influence lower even than that of the mass they ought to elevate, the prospect is a very poor one. In England young men of the higher classes have some pursuits offered them from which they are here in a measure debarred. Fortunately, with us there is no costly establishment of a national church or a standing army to serve as asylums in which scions of high family may find creditable sinecures; but we have, as she has, one direction in which an honest and honorable ambition ought to exert itself, and which offers scope for the greatest talent—public life. Educated statesmen are at this moment the great need of the country. Natural shrewdness in our public men has stood us in better stead than might have been expected; and they have managed to do a great deal and do it well by the light of nature and by dint of observation. But if any profession demands thorough preparation, it is legislation. Social science, political economy, the philosophy of government, are branches in which we can look for no proficiency in legislators of the class that now holds power; they are departments in which men of cultivation and leisure only can become well versed. The necessity of elevating the

character of our national and state legislative bodies is each year becoming more alarmingly evident, and the danger more apparent of intrusting great public interests to men whose education has left them in ignorance of the underlying principles of government, or whose position in society affords no earnest of their uprightness and sincerity.

Of course it is neither desirable nor possible that our government should fall entirely into the hands of an aristocracy, whether of wealth or of birth. But it is to be hoped that it will in time be conducted by those whose acquirements will fit them to do so with national credit, and whose interests at stake will be a warrant of their integrity. The personnel of our houses of Congress ought to be no whit inferior to that of the English Parliament. So soon as men of social position and large means and refinement show their superior fitness for the public service, and that the public welfare will be best served in their hands, they will command the public confidence and become *par excellence* our governing class. The entrance upon this sphere of life by American gentlemen would be the death-blow to demagogism and party corruption. A morbid fastidiousness and selfish pride have too long actuated them to turn away, as from something contaminating and disreputable, from one of the most honorable and useful employments our country affords.

HAVE WE ANY ORATORS?

IT has been common to speak of America as a land peculiarly congenial to the graces of oratory. Indeed, history does not record a people with whom public speaking has wielded greater actual power than in this our own free nation. In the earlier days of the republic great speakers were not unmindful of these opportunities, and they made their influence felt on every rostrum that they could find. Not a few of our most essential theories of government have gained credence through the medium of oratory alone, and fully one half of our presidents have been elected by the influence of public speaking. Of more recent names, Webster stands high above all, of course, as the great parliamentary debater; Douglas is first on the list as the political orator; Everett has precedence for elegance, Beecher for the pulpit, Brady for the bar, and Phillips for special pleading. Of these the three greatest have passed away, and in their places we have no orators that may in the remotest degree be said to fill their places, nor have we to-day, from Maine to California, a single public speaker that deserves to be called a great orator.

It was thought that the four years of war, with their ever varying inspirations, would call forth some golden-tongued and electric speaker who would thrill the people with eloquence more potent than the scathings of the sword. But in all that mighty and terrible struggle not one new genius of speech arose to kindle hope or enthusiasm, not one great, overwhelming oration was recorded. We came out of the contest with the same old speakers who had grown well-nigh dead to us before the war trumpet was sounded. Not one man in all the land was so stirred by the troubles of his country as to break forth in a grand outburst of national utterance. In the Senate, in the House of Representatives, on the floors of state legislatures, nor on any stage the wide country over, did any patriotic statesman or citizen give vent to even a single anathema of indignation or a laudat of glorious homage to his native land which is worthy of preservation. Oratory seemed to have deserted the republic, and no new name was added to the brilliant list of those who from time to time have brought forensic honors to our land. Great speakers are generally the result of some crisis or great event, and surely if ever there was a time for latent genius to come forth with burning words as on the breath of the lightning, that time was when our good ship of state was threatened with destruction.

We know it is a very common idea that the decadence of oratory is in proportion to the advance of education; that the more men become informed, the less susceptible they are to the logic of the orator. In fact, the students at our law schools are plied with the idea that forensic eloquence is no more of the account that it was—that its power is too artificial to be used by thorough students. And so the art of ora-

tory falls away and its graces are not studied as they once were. This condition of things we cannot too much deplore. Oratory is a dignified, noble accomplishment, and one which young men should aspire after resolutely. Our schools and colleges should teach it, that we may have more national speakers and debaters and fewer partisan declaimers.

UNPRINCIPLED PUBLISHING.

THERE is always one short cut to fortune within the reach of any person who may be willing to adopt it. It is the road of shamelessness, unprincipled scheming, and disgrace. No great amount of wit is needed to win success on this track, be the calling or business what it may. Especially true is this of publishers. Any individual who will forego all sense of honor and publish to the world books which he knows to be impure and immoral can count pretty surely upon quick and large profits.

We are led to these remarks by the course of one of our New York and one of the Philadelphia publishing houses—Mr. Carleton and the Messrs. Peterson. We do not believe that these gentlemen intend to do an injury in any way, but still they persist in producing the most worthless and atrocious books—books that a publisher ought to feel ashamed to place his name upon. Now and then they issue a respectable volume—if they think it will pay. But they are pretty sure to follow it with something utterly wishy-washy and worthless. As publishers of books we feel that their acts are open to criticism and public censure, and so we speak very freely of that which has been too long unsaid.

No one ought to know better than Mr. Carleton what books are fit to publish and what are not, for he has taste and tact which make him very adroit in his business. And on this account is he the more to be blamed for his reckless publishing career. We regret that so old and well-established a house as that of the Petersons cannot afford to be a little more decent and a little more useful. But we deplore even more that so enterprising a young man as Mr. Carleton should be willing to place so much trash before the public.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

GOULD & LINCOLN.

WITH the exception of Crocker & Brewster, there is no publishing house in Boston whose origin antedates the one whose names we put at the head of this article; and what is somewhat more remarkable, it has been linked with the same spot from the beginning, and even before their history opens the stand (now No. 59 Washington Street, and formerly numbered 55 Cornhill) had been connected with the book-trade for many years, making nearly a century of literary associations, up to the present date. This carries us back to a time when the book-trade of Boston was relatively of much more importance than now. As long ago as 1741, Oldmixon tells us, there were five printing-houses in Boston, and the presses were generally full of work, "which (he says) is in a great measure owing to the colleges and schools for useful learning in New England, whereas in New York there is but one little bookseller's shop, and none at all in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, and the Sugar islands." Four-and-twenty years later, which brings us down to about the epoch that the present site was first devoted to the business of literature, when, as we read, "the town house or Exchange was surrounded with booksellers' shops," the earliest circulating library in Boston was opened (1765) by one John Mein, "at the repeated request of a number of gentlemen, the friends of literature," as he says in his advertisement, at the "London Bookstore," in King Street, now State Street. The terms were, for yearly subscribers £1 8s., and for quarterly 10s. 8d., in advance. He was a Scotchman, and one of his list of works "just imported" occupies an entire page of the *Massachusetts Gazette*, in which he says his stock embraces above 10,000 volumes, "which would be more for the town then," says Mr. Drake, "than a stock of 150,000 at this time (1855)." Samuel Hall, who was the immediate predecessor of the founders of the present house, had been bred a printer at Portsmouth, N. H.,

had published later a newspaper in Salem, in the interest of the patriots, from 1768 to 1775, and in the latter year, under advice of friends, he set up his press in one of the college buildings at Cambridge, and continued the publication of his paper at this place until after the evacuation of Boston, when he removed to town, and, after a few weeks continuance of the publication, disposed of his establishment to Powers & Willis, and returned to Salem. Here he published a new paper from 1781 to 1785, when he once more tried his fortune with a second paper in Boston, issuing it, however, for only two years, and finally, in 1787, first occupied the stand with which we are now concerned as a book and stationery shop, publishing chiefly juveniles, though his imprint is occasionally found upon more important volumes. Here he continued for about eighteen years, when, two years before his death (which occurred in October, 1807), he was succeeded by the new firm of Lincoln & Edmands, who became the purchasers of his stock and printing material.

The condition of the book-trade in Boston at the opening of this century deserves a passing glance. The house of Manning & Loring, now without a representative, was then the chief book-making establishment in the place. Mr. Manning directed the business of the printing-house of Thomas & Andrews, then the largest in America, and that superlative covered but five presses, which were worked by ten persons. The late J. T. Buckingham, who came to Boston in 1800 to enter their employ, describes their press of business at the time, incident to the numerous tracts and eulogies that followed upon the death of Washington, and their religious exactness of closing all labor punctually at midnight on Saturdays, as they were forced to the expedient of night-work at the time. It is stated as a feat of their expedition that Judge Minot's eulogy of Washington, which he pronounced at ten days' notice before the town of Boston, was on sale the day after delivery, and the whole edition was disposed of before the set of sun. Among the apprentices in this establishment were two which concern us principally.

Ensign Lincoln had just now (1800) reached his majority, and in the latter part of the same year, gathering together the necessary materials, he began his independent career as a publisher and printer with issuing the first complete American edition of Cowper's poems, illustrated with engravings by Samuel Hill, then the best artist of that kind in Boston. Subsequently, in 1803, when Mr. Phineas Adams, then a school-teacher in the town, began "The Monthly Anthology," Mr. Lincoln printed it until, six months later, the proprietor transferred it to the hands of the Rev. Wm. Emerson (father of Mr. Ralph W.), who associating with him a number of other gentlemen, the editing was vested in the so-called Anthology Club, by which it was conducted till 1811, and was the chosen vehicle for the best literary efforts of the day, numbering Wm. Tudor, John Quincy Adams, Buckminster, Geo. Ticknor, and some other reputable names among its contributors. It is well known that the Boston "Athenæum" and the "North American Review" were the final results of this famous society, who were so far from being successful in their literary ventures, in a pecuniary point of view, that one of their number has written of it, that "they wrote and paid for the pleasure of writing." Not any better success followed Mr. Buckingham's endeavor to establish a monthly called "The Polyanthos" in 1806-7, in which he made the first attempt in America, or at least in Boston, to entice patronage by an engraved series of portraits of distinguished persons, of all degrees of standing from players to divines. These facts are of importance as showing something of the literary activity of the day, despite the want of encouragement coincident with the founding of the present house. There is one little book which bears Mr. Lincoln's sole imprint, not without interest for its neatness of typography, and that is an abridged Johnson's dictionary, in pearl type in a pocket volume. The second apprentice, to whom we referred, in that old Boston printing house was Thomas Edmands. He was the junior of the other by one year, and, ending his apprenticeship by that much later, he continued in the establishment as foreman, while his friend was initiating his independent career. A brief subsequent occupation as a

grocer did not serve to win him from the types, and it was not long (1805) before these two companions in the art formed the copartnership we have already named, of Lincoln & Edmands.

The distinct characters of these two men impressed themselves on the house they formed. Mr. Lincoln had early in life joined the Baptist communion, and continued a zealous worker in the faith, and later in life was even licensed as a preacher, in which vocation, pursued in the intervals of his secular duties, he gained considerable repute. It was these proclivities that made the new house so prominent as publishers of that denomination, in which capacity they for many years stood entirely alone. The character of Mr. Lincoln has been testified to by Mr. Buckingham for its estimable worth and devotedness to Christian labor.

The superintendence of the press fell to the share of Mr. Edmands, and the numerous works that bore their imprint for more than a quarter of a century bore evidence to his skill and accuracy as a printer. Those who knew him personally acquaint us with the unostentatious goodness of the man. A common prudence and devotion to their affairs established a high character for their house, and they both were possessed of competences when they left their good names to their successors. Mr. Lincoln died of consumption, induced most likely by his application, in December, 1832; and Mr. Edmands shortly after retired to a farm in Newton, devoting his declining years to agriculture, where he died, aged nearly 71, in January, 1851.

A new firm succeeded by purchase to the stock and business of the old stand, under the style of Lincoln, Edmands & Co., composed of James Waitt, Robert S. Davis, and B. F. Edmands (a son of the previous). This arrangement was not of long continuance, when it was succeeded by another.

Mr. Charles D. Gould (of a well-known family of New Ipswich, N. H., whose reputation has likewise been kept up by a brother, the distinguished physician and naturalist of Boston, Dr. A. A. Gould) had been in mercantile pursuits, in Boston, since his fifteenth year, when he was appointed, in 1832, to administer upon the estate of Mr. Lincoln, and was now one of the assignees of the new house. This last trust he resigned to become the joint purchaser of the concern together with Mr. Charles S. Kendall (then a clerk in the bookselling house of Wm. Pierce) and Mr. Joshua Lincoln, who had been for several years a clerk in his father's store, and had not quite reached his majority.* The new partners began business January 17, 1835, under the style of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, and, during the fifteen years of their connection, increased largely the reputation of the house and extended its business. In 1850, Mr. Kendall withdrew to become a partner in the firm of Wilkins, Carter & Co., paper dealers, since widely known as Rice, Kendall & Co., of Boston. The business since that date has been conducted without interruption under the names at the head of this article.

The present house, though maintaining their pre-eminence as publishers of their denomination, have widely extended their imprint beyond such sectional limits in theology, and given it beside to a large list of works in general literature, science, education, and the juvenile departments, paying for copyright variously up as high as fifty thousand dollars. They have put forth in one of their catalogues this expression of their aims as publishers: "Bad taste, skeptical notions, and evil habits, glossed over by wit and novelty, are painfully frequent in works which are freely circulating in society. It has been our aim entirely to expurgate these evils from our literature; and, while we have not shunned to furnish agreeable entertainment and varied information, our chief aim has been to diffuse abroad the pure light of science, learning, and religion." Such objects have not restricted their countenance to their own sect, as we have said, for we find mingled together on their list with the names of Hague, Ide, and Stow, those of

* Mr. Ensign Lincoln left six sons; one died a few days before his father; of the others surviving, two are merchants, two clergymen, and one a professor in Brown University and the author of several classical text-books published by the Messrs. Appleton, of New York. The present Messrs. Gould & Lincoln are doubly united by family ties, each having married the sister of the other.

Adams, Kirk, and Blagden among the Congregationalists, and Peabody, of the Unitarians.

We can at the same time designate something of the scope of their catalogue if we append some instances of the large circulation of their imprint, premising that perhaps some 1,500 copies may be deemed an average circulation of books as they run. Chambers, of Edinburgh, puts it for his market at not over a thousand; and we learn that in regard to Hugh Miller's works the American sale was for some years the equal of the British, and has latterly advanced beyond it. We give the following figures:

Guyot's *Earth and Man*, 19,000.

Haven's *Mental Philosophy* (recent), 18,000.

Agassiz and Gould's *Zoology*, 25,000.

Sir William Hamilton's *Lectures* (two large octavos, and from the sales \$1,000 have accrued as copy-right to the family of the author), 9,000.

Paley's *Natural Theology*, 68,000.

Roget's *Thesaurus* (their edition is much enlarged over the English), 22,000.

Barton's *Text-Book*, 22,000.

Loomis's *Elements of Geology*, 10,000.

Life of Amos Lawrence, 28,000.

Wayland's *Moral Science* (a new edition of this, thoroughly revised, was completed by the author only a few days before his recent death), 131,000. His *Political Economy*, 54,000; the aggregate of his works, 195,000 copies.

Annual of Scientific Discovery, edited by David A. Wells, chairman of the United States Revenue Commission, over 50,000.

Bayne's *Christian Life*, 9,000; and the same author's two volumes of *Essays*, which were collected at the instance of his American publishers, and first issued here, 7,000.

Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator*, 21,500; his *Old Red Sandstone*, 22,000; his *Testimony of the Rocks*, near 30,000; and the aggregate sale of his works had been a little short of 125,000 copies, in the proceeds of which the author and, since his death, his family have been sharers.

Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, two volumes octavo, near 25,000 (the present publishers imported duplicate plates of this book—the only set owned in America), which, together with the sale of their *Miscellany*, *Home book*, etc., makes an aggregate of over 215,000 volumes.

Dr. John Harris's *Great Teacher*, 16,500; his *Great Commission*, 9,000; his *Mammon*, 9,000; with others an aggregate of 53,500 volumes.

Imitation of Christ (4 Kempis), 15,000.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, 63,000.

John Angell James's *Marriage Ring*, 45,000; and of the series of miniature volumes, of which this is one, 200,000 copies.

Aimwell Stories (juveniles, seven volumes), 90,000 volumes.

Dr. Phelps's *Still Hour*, 45,000.

Henry Newcomb's juveniles, 82,000.

Cruden's *Concordance*, 27,000.

Kitto's *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, 7,000.

Malcom's *Bible Dictionary*, near 150,000.

Prof. Ripley's *Notes on the New Testament*, 28,000.

Müller's *Life of Trust*, edited by Dr. Wayland, 12,000.

The *Psalmist* (collection of hymns for public worship), 540,000!

Dr. Choules's *Origin and History of Missions* (an expensive quarto in two volumes, with steel plates), 2,000.

The *Complete Works of Andrew Fuller*, in two large octavo volumes, was originally published by this house and afterwards disposed of to the American Baptist Publication Society.

They began, likewise, the publication, in 1835, of the "*Christian Review*," a quarterly, edited by Professors James D. Knowles, Barnas Sears, and S. F. Smith, which had a circulation of about 2,500 for the eight years they continued it, after which it passed to other hands, and has recently been purchased by W. F. Draper, of Andover, and merged in the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*."

Their catalogue, as at present constituted, covers 30 vols. of text-books for colleges, etc.; 70 in general literature and science; 26 in biography; over 100 in

religious instruction; over 30 in juveniles; 20 in biblical studies; 13 in denominational issues.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, May 5, 1866.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

In the year 1773 a small club of literary men, who used to meet at an inn in London and read papers on scientific and literary subjects to each other, listened to a paper from Mr. David Williams advocating the formation of a literary fund "as an object deserving the attention of the members, who, if they should not obtain the power of justly assigning the equivalents of scientific and literary benefits, would hold out to genius—to every man having the faculty of rendering public service—the kind and generous promise that his studies, his time, his efforts, his privations should not leave him in misery." The chairman of the club on the evening of this proposal was no other than Benjamin Franklin. In speaking of it Franklin said that he felt bound, to his great regret, to declare his opinion that he considered that any appeal to the public for a purpose so truly noble would be very feeble. "Mr. Williams," said Franklin, "has said, in describing his plan, that the Athenians punished ingratitude in individuals as a great crime, and that he had no doubt that a society might be founded in justice to men of letters; but he has not intimated to us how communities are to be punished when ungrateful to their best benefactors. Common charities spring from common feelings; or if some of them should require a few ideas and reflections, they may be easily connected by ordinary and imperfect intellects; but an institution for the relief of misery, which is so far from being intrusive—so far from pressing on the senses that it withdraws from observation—is an institution whose object will be ever lost to the common classes of subscribers to public charities." After some discussion, the meeting concluded to refer it to subsequent consideration, and was adjourned by an address from Franklin, which concluded with the following words: "I perceive that our friend (Mr. Williams) does not acquiesce in our opinions, and that he will undertake this institution. The event, be it what it may, will be honorable to him; but it will require so much time, perseverance, and patience that the anvil may wear out the hammer." Mr. Williams had many an occasion to remember these words as almost prophetic. After several other fruitless attempts, he consulted an aged and experienced bookseller, but the old man exclaimed, "Sir, nobody will meddle with authors." He agreed, however, to become a subscriber, provided literature were associated with arts, "or any class of objects less obnoxious to general apprehension and terror." This advice was taken, and an advertisement was made inviting subscriptions; but there was no response. The American war divided the club, and Mr. Williams deemed it advisable to be silent about the literary fund; on the return of peace, however, and the accession of Pitt, he went by advice of Adam Smith to consult with the new minister. Pitt, after a careful perusal of his proposal, said, "If I were not minister I might turn my thoughts to this plan, which appears to me very important; but I am already too much engaged." He then went to Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and to Sir Joseph Banks, but he was equally unsuccessful; his suggestion was treated by them as "a fine speculation impossible to be realized; for the difficulties of exciting in a sufficient number of benefactors any useful degree of sympathy with men of genius and letters were considered insurmountable." Mr. Williams then gave up his object in despair. In 1788, however, Floyer Sydenham, the amiable and learned Platonic scholar and author, died in consequence of his arrest for a small debt; he never spoke after his arrest, but sunk at once under the calamity. Every cause must have its martyr-seed. Sydenham was the personal friend of many of the club to which I have alluded, and his death revived the plan of a literary fund. From this point, though through much labor, the matter went on until at last a public meeting was held, May 18, 1790, Dr. Alexander Johnson being in the chair, which adopted the following: "Upon taking into consideration that although the humanity of the public has been directed by high and numerous examples to distressed talents in various professions, yet men of letters often suffer in poverty and sometimes in the extremity of want; and a small number of gentlemen, in whose knowledge have occurred several most affecting instances of living misery, having formed the outlines of an institution to support deserving authors in sickness, distress, old age, and at the termination of life, and to give temporary relief to the widows and orphans of those who have any claims on

the public from having written any useful book,—Resolved unanimously, that a committee of fifteen gentlemen be appointed to carry such plan into execution, and to conduct the business of the society for one year from the present day." Towards the end of the same year (1790) this committee was able to help a poor classical author. In 1792 some amateurs got up and acted a play at the Haymarket for the fund. The aristocracy will always give to that which hath. In 1799 the Marquis of Bute accepted the presidency of the institution; he was followed by the Duke of Somerset, who filled the office from 1801 to 1837. He was followed by Lord Lansdowne, who died in 1863, when Earl Stanhope became and now is the president. The Earl of Acheson (1803) and the Prince of Wales (1805) gave substantial donations. In 1806 Thomas Newton, last descendant of Sir Isaac Newton, bequeathed his entire estate to the society. Amongst the distinguished foreigners who have subscribed to it I observe the names of our ministers—Everett, Bancroft, Lawrence, Ingersoll, Buchanan, Dallas, and Adams. This is as it should be, for the institution is not limited in its benefits to English authors. The Literary Fund has devoted, in its career, £61,887 to unfortunate scholars; and 3,116 grants have been bestowed upon upwards of 1,300 applicants. The distribution has been without reference to political or religious persuasion or social position. The only limitations are given in the following sentence:—"No writer can come within the views of the society who has not published a work of intelligence and public value; and something more than talent, however brilliant it be, is invariably exacted. While the bounty of the institution is bestowed without regard to national or political distinctions, every author, without exception, is excluded whose writings are offensive to morals or religion, and whose personal character is not proved by satisfactory testimony to be beyond suspicion." This is dangerous ground, and it is to be hoped that practically committees remember that had they lived in earlier times they might on such grounds have denied help to Milton and many another poor author whose writings were deemed by cotemporaries offensive to morals and religion. In trying to make authors independent in one way, it were a remedy worse than the disease to place their moral and religious independence under duress.

I have gone thus extensively into this matter, because I think that it presents a principle worthy of earnest study in America, and an example worthy, if not of following, of adaptation in America. How many suffering authors are there in America? I have myself met again and again—sometimes in the great western cities—men from whom great thoughts might have been gained had not the fear of poverty for themselves and families yoked them to the ox of necessity. America has not a distinctive literature, and will never have any distinctive thought, whilst every writer is forced to write for money. The wing of every thought penned for money is clipped. Many a man of genius would launch out on his intellectual dream, would give an undivided and serene mind to his high task, would wake slumbering forces which the world unconsciously needs, were want removed from his prospect.

On Wednesday evening last I had the pleasure of attending the seventy-seventh anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund. It was a very interesting occasion. Lord Houghton, who has been a hard-working officer in the society for twenty-five years, presided. He made a good speech. In alluding to Theodore Hook's witticism—"You are quite right in calling us the republic of letters, for we haven't a sovereign amongst us"—he said that literary occupations must, like others, be regulated by supply and demand. What this society wanted to do was to provide for the necessities of men of letters, without in any degree influencing people to become men of letters. It seemed to him, he said, that the profession of letters was essentially a thing which belonged to a peculiar state of society, to that condition of society in which literature was nascent, and in which the literary man was naturally looked up to as something peculiar. He owned that he preferred to regard the profession of literary men as leading to a time when literature would come within the classification of no particular profession, but would be distributed as freely and widely as conversation. He made some important allusions to the literary activity of England to-day, and the continual outpouring of articles any one of which might have produced a sensation, and some of them a reputation, fifty years ago. He also had some telling hits on the magazines. Lord Houghton, who perhaps is more venerated amongst us in America as Richard Monckton Milnes, is a good, straightforward speaker, and has the merit of never talking nonsense. He is, I should say, somewhat over fifty years of age; has a good aquiline nose, with a touch of roman in it; and a light, kindly eye, framed in some (phrenologically

good brow and eyebrow developments. During the evening, having to allude to the United States, of which country he has been the unwavering friend for many years, he playfully, yet with a perceptible undertone of seriousness, said to the son of the American minister, who was seated near him, that if he would induce his countrymen to give England a just copyright law, he would at once benefit both nations and bring further honor to the name of Adams. I earnestly trust that this matter will be thrown into the face of every American (and there were a half dozen present on this occasion) until this blot on our literary escutcheon is wiped out. Charles Kingsley made a speech which but for his unhappy mannerisms would have been clever. He had been associated with Mr. Swinburne in a toast to the "historical and imaginative literature of England," and he began by declaring that if things went on as they were going such toasts would have to be responded to by ladies—a sentiment which excited much amusement, especially as there was a large number of ladies present who had been very ungallantly put on one side instead of being admitted to the tables to dinner. (How much barbarism the old Salic law has bequeathed this country!) Mr. Kingsley declared that the Amazons had invaded Parnassus; then spoilt the remark by overflowed praise of Jean Ingelow, Adelaide Procter, and the authors of that morbid and poor book, "John Halifax," and that good but not matchless book, "Romola." The ladies, he said, were beating the other sex out of the field, and the advice he would give to any young man who wished to avoid not only the charity of the fund, but Whitecross prison and the workhouse, would be to marry, if he had the chance of such good luck, a literary lady, and betake himself to the humble and chivalrous service of reviewing his wife's books. After him arose Mr. Swinburne. He spoke in such a low voice that I could only see his lips move and hear no word. But it was enough to see Swinburne's face—especially with his cheek and eye kindled—and I shall never forget it. A small, young, even boyish man; with handsome, regular features and smooth skin; with eyes that glitter; with thin, flexible lips, whose coldness is in strange contrast to the passionate intensity of his eyes; with a great deal of reddish hair that surrounds his face like a halo—he seemed to me like some wild bird of rare and beautiful plumage which has alighted in our uncongenial climate, and who is likely to die before it is acclimatized. No one who has ever looked upon Algernon Swinburne's face would ever doubt but that he is a man of genius. As to the poet, his vices no less than his splendors attest the fact that he is the latest inheritor in England of that high laureateship of genius which only the gods can bestow.

But I must now close this long account of an occasion whose exceeding interest to me I cannot hope even partially to transfer to your readers. M. D. C.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, May 21, 1866.

In looking over the advertisements of the Boston booksellers a hundred years ago (and sometimes they were extensive) we get some notion of the character of the reading of our ancestors, and may be somewhat surprised to see the preponderance of books on law and government and historical antecedents. The political tendencies of the times were doubtless the cause, in large part, of this. And although education was general, the men who read most and bought books were just the class that were prefiguring the future fortunes of the land in caucus and assembly. The men who met Warren and the rest at the Green Dragon went home to read Blackstone, and Vattel, Machiavel, Montesquieu, Sidney and the like, rather than to sit down to "Gulliver," "Pamela," or "Joseph Andrews." It was remarked by Burke in one of his speeches on the conciliation of the colonies: "In no country in the world, perhaps, is the law so general a study. And all who read—and most do read—endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way (1773) of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage (he adds) marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table." Webster used to say that our fathers carried through the Revolution on a strict question of principle; and that principle was nurtured in this almost exclusive devotion to works of the kind I have mentioned. It flourished in acts and left a recognition in epitaphs. Walking the other day over Copp's Hill, the thought came back forcibly to me when I saw it was the very

grave-stones that recorded in mortuary inscription the devotion of the dead to their principles that bear the chipping marks of the bullets of the British soldiery in target practice during their occupancy. Looking, too, recently, as I have remarked, over these old advertisements I find the same testimony there. Law, military affairs, and a Poor Richard sort of *vade-mecums* make up a large part (with, of course, sermons) of the stock in trade of these century-gone booksellers of Boston. They have a condescending air towards the muses in the naming of "Paradise Lost" and the "Night Thoughts," and a bare recognition of more frivolous tastes in the occasional mention of the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett; but such reading as this last was apparently not supplied to the good townspeople in large quantities.

We have come again upon a time hardly second to that in political significance, but the intellectual activity of the people bears a somewhat different phase. We have seen a "great uprising" for a physical solution of our difficulties; but the reaction from its accomplishment seems to offer something too like apathy in the great mass for the mental solution which must necessarily follow. There is something of parallelism to the old case in the renewed activity of the law. Little, Brown & Co. are extending their list in this department to a degree that may yet, to the regret of all who have learned to value their imprint, force their abandonment of the more accessible fields of general letters.

I cannot look back over the list of books which have come under my eyes since the present series of THE ROUND TABLE appeared, in September last, without marking another characteristic of our day, so different from the lot of the people of New England within the memory of the senior member of this same house. "Life was more quiet and monotonous," says Mr. Hillard in a privately-printed memoir of the late Mr. Brown, the other partner, "fifty years ago that it is now. There were fewer books and fewer newspapers, but they were both read and re-read with a patient deliberation that is now becoming obsolete." This change has, of course, arisen from two causes—the decrease in the cost of books and the more largely extended habit of reading, even beyond the proportionate increase of the people. In regard to the particular branch of law which I have already named, this same house of Little, Brown & Co. have been the prime movers in the first condition. "In the sales of law books," says Mr. Hillard, "they were the first, it is believed, to apply the well-known rule in political economy, that in articles of permanent demand the increase of purchasers is greater in proportion than the decrease of price. It was formerly the usage to print a small edition of a law book, and to sell the copies at a high price—a custom transmitted from England, and there founded on the limited demand presented by a bar neither numerous nor rapidly increasing. But Little & Brown had the sagacity to perceive that the lawyers in our country were a numerous body, that their increase would keep pace with the progress of the country, and they drew the ready inference that if they could offer them at three dollars such books as had formerly cost five the difference in price would be more than made up in the difference in sales. The result justified their enterprise." It was, in fact, a natural corollary of what Burke had observed sixty years before, and there is a sort of rightful return in the same house, now that they are giving renewed vigor to the same department, to accompany it with the sign manual of their imprint upon the best edition yet of this keen as well as wide-eyed statesman.

But the characteristic to which I had special reference is the prominence of fiction in the aggregate sales at our counters in Washington Street or in Cornhill. In the number of books published in Boston during the past nine months, fiction (including also poetry) takes full half of the titles and probably a much larger proportion of "copies" in the accumulated editions, and this is throwing out of the question the juveniles, which are in a vast preponderance fictitious narratives, and in such numbers that two-thirds, if not three-quarters, of the catalogues of Boston publications for this interval will be found to be of a character which was forbidden entrance into most New England families an average lifetime ago. This cannot be an isolated fact, unconnected with our progress, but is a symptom of it that gauges that progress. Fiction, as interdicted by the clergy of New England at the beginning of the century—and there is not a little of this fulmination still in some quarters—was certainly not a thing that we have since learned it to be. Fielding was not so coarse then as we find him now, and perhaps not so pernicious as much to-day; but he was quite as "sensational," and perhaps Richardson, despite his intentions, was more sensational than much we give that name to now. Sir James Mackintosh

in holding the opinion he did, that nothing popular can be frivolous and what influences multitudes must be important, was wiser than those who ignored the phases of this thing. The Minerva Press, which ruled in England so powerfully at that time, is not to be despised for its reactionary effects, at least. The same clergy that were commending the parables as the gift of wisdom, were too apt to sweep iconoclastically over all fiction because the imprint of Leadenhall Street was so omnipotent. It may not be too much to say that Scott, who charmed the next generation was prepared for, through its influence, diverse as it was, and that in our day without its antecedent we may not have had its extreme counterpoise in Thackeray. Some of the clergy at least in these days have thought with Sir James, though still there are exceptions, not always effective ones, if we may believe Mr. Alexander Smith, who tells us that Dr. Todd's declaiming so emphatically against the whole school of romancers in his "Student's Manual" made a novel-reader of him, out of sheer curiosity to see the hideous thing he was warned not to have conjured up. It was Dr. Dewey who, in a lecture here a few years ago, made such a reference to Thackeray as this: "The pulpit battery does its work; but satire, like flying artillery, scales inaccessible points and strikes at folly." Robertson, of Brighton, tells us how "Waverley" and the rest refresh his draggled spirits, and make a new man of him for his chosen work. And a more practical testimony to a belief in its subsidiary influence we have abundance of not in the professedly religious novels of the day, but in such magazines as "Good Words," aiming at Christian amelioration, giving to their readers in serial issue novels so little consonant, at the first look, with such aims as Mr. Kingsley's "Hereward" and Alexander Smith's "Alfred Hagart's Household," and so different one from the other.

All these symptoms point to the conclusion that the *Saturday Review* reached the other day, that for one novel which the youth of England were suffered to read at the opening of our century, fifty are read now, and the case is doubtless not different here. This is doubtless putting a great power into a new class of writers, disproportionately enlarged, perhaps, by this popular greed for fiction, which is drawing men of letters from other pursuits, and possibly more important topics, either from the love of popularity—since fiction can only now-a-days give this in its greatest degree—or the necessities of gain. There is, perhaps, not one of the authors, native and foreign, of this long list of fiction convening since this paper's reissue began, that would not, but under this stimulant, have satisfied their literary instincts with as much credit in other spheres. Perhaps not, however, in any other sphere could so large a proportion of women have found consideration. Mackintosh remarked, fifty years ago and more, when Miss Edgeworth headed the accession from womanhood, that it was an anomalous condition, and happening for the first time that woman had attained a considerable share in the literature of a cultivated people in an age of letters; and all owing to the deeper insight beneath the conventionalism of life that nature had seemed to gift them with, which urgently fits them for the task. Robertson, of Brighton, who carried not a little of this same spirit into theology, knew it well enough to recognize its presence even in Hawthorne, who he thought could hardly have been what he was without something of the woman's character, as natural to him, doubtless, as that maidenly shyness which his friends tell us about. It is too well established to be mooted that womanly influence, as it has softened, has also elevated our latter day civilization; but when we come to consider its influence upon literature, and of this kind particularly, there arise instances of question at once. Miss Braddon may make her \$200,000 in a period like our presidential term; and, being popular, may not be unimportant, but there is some question of her ameliorating influence, though she does not compromise it by other than good easy English. Mrs. Wood's wretched grammar and worse vulgarity may excuse one going farther into her other characteristics, which are probably in keeping. Yet before the Wood and Braddon appeared, long before it, Archdeacon Hare thought we could well afford to lose all that woman had done for us in this line, for the sake of carrying down to a common destination the evil she had done also. This may be sweeping, and probably is too much so by far. That the requirements of popular tale-writing should have caused not a little demeaning of writers is not strange. The vast accession of readers that we boast of in these latter years has all accrued at the lower end of the scale. The higher branches are not more pondered now than before; but popular science gets more readers; so does a *flash* religion, if one can be allowed to call by an equivalent epithet the sensationalism of a Spurgeon; so does story-telling, and so does the

newspaper. De Quincey, who is usually shrewd in these characterizations, has put it thus, and I think not unfairly. Now this accession is one of numbers, not of quality; and accordingly it can hardly but tell on our literature. I think I see it in the novels of the past season—in their canting ecstasies that delight narrow souls, as in "St. Martin's Summer" and "Honor May;" in slang and other impurities of language, as in several of Mr. Loring's issues—notwithstanding the general attractiveness of such books as "Simplicity and Fascination" and "Broken to Harness;" in the youngish enthusiasm of "Herman," whose author is to have a chance at a serial with the readers of the "Atlantic," it is said; in the *goodyism* of "Miss Oona McQuarrie," in the too-frequent *tiptoeism* of "Asphodel," whose author, but for the attempt to atone, would have walked with easy carriage; in the conventional subterfuges of "Lucy Arlyn" and "Leighton Court." I think it not too much to say that in each of these cases the audience expected for the book has hurt it. Trowbridge would write better if it were not for the circulating library and the jolting seat of the railway car. Miss Palfrey would allow scholarly application to override ephemeral impulses but for the currency of the hour. And so of the rest. This fagend of the reading class is like the needless Alexandrine that drags his slow length along, a clog upon purity and the higher instincts.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1866.

THE publishers are inactive here, except in the reproduction of school-books. A couple of juvenile books—moral stories—announced by Perkinpine & Higgins, constitute the whole promise of this week.

One thing in Philadelphia is *sui generis* as far as it relates to America—this is the book-stalls at the street-corners; at one time I counted twenty-three of these stalls, but they have gradually decreased in number and reduced in value. The custom undoubtedly is of European origin. Not books alone, but a variety of other articles of use and luxury, have been sold at booths in various European countries, and even in Asia, from a date far beyond record. In the civic records of the twelfth century are to be found complaints of the encroachments of booths and stalls upon the market-places and streets. The temporary booths, used once or twice a week on market-days, had a tendency to become permanent, and the squatters would gradually change the wooden stalls into commodious houses. Stow, the English antiquarian,

states that the houses in old Fish Street, London (within a stone's throw of the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson had many a hearty rouse), "were at the first but movable boards set out on market-days to show their fish there to be sold; but procuring license to open sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses." It will be remembered by those who have read Boswell's "Johnson"—and who has not?—how Michael Johnson, father of the kind-hearted, rough-mannered "Ursa Major" of British literature, living in Litchfield, kept a book-stall on market-days in the neighboring town of Uttoxeter, which is pronounced Uxeter; how, being ill on one occasion, he asked Samuel to tend the stall in his place; how Samuel refused to do this; how, in later years, remorse at this act of filial disobedience and criminal pride preyed upon his mind; and how, resolved in his old age, he sought to expiate this offense of his youth. His own words, uttered only a few months before his death, were these: "Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

The celebrated William Hutton, historian of Birmingham, commenced his career as a vender of second-hand books in a street-stall, and James Lackington, whose "Temple of the Muses" in Finsbury was one of the curiosities of London—even within my own recollection being the largest bookselling establishment in the world—began by selling old books at a street-corner, keeping his scanty stock on the stall where he also carried on his trade of making and mending shoes.

As I have said, there was formerly a greater number of book-stalls in this city than at present. Ten years ago there was a man here who was King of the Book-stalls. This was John Campbell, Irish by birth, a native, indeed, of the kingdom of Kerry, where it is affirmed every man, woman, and child can speak Latin, like a native of Hungary. John Campbell had the advantage of long and good experience, having kept an excellent second-hand bookshop in Holborn before his strongly democratic politics threw him into the whirlpool of Chartism, at that time not only unpopular, but even proscribed and persecuted by the British government. The Chartists had not even a show of fair play, for the judges who tried them—especially Lord Abinger, formerly Sir James Scarlett—dealt out the law, and sometimes more than the law, upon their trials for sedition. Mr. Campbell was marked

out as a victim, his ability being great and his influence over his fellows considerable. Taking good advice, he came over to this country, then a young man, and commenced his familiar business in Philadelphia. He first kept a small store at Eleventh and Market Streets. Being a democratic politician, the county commissioners granted him permission to erect his stall by the court-house. His collection of books, new as well as second-hand, is now the largest and most valuable ever offered for sale by any one in his peculiar branch of the book-trade in this city. It includes English editions of standard authors, in fine bindings; scarce American works; curious French books; black-letter volumes in English, German, and Italian; law books in great numbers, and belles-lettres to a still larger extent.

John Campbell's knowledge of books is very great. He has a specialty for law books, buying whole libraries at a time, in nearly every state in the Union. His politics—although democratic—have made him a marked man; but owing to his large stock of books and the popular belief that he is a thoroughly honest man, persons of all shades of political opinion deal with him. His book-store is, indeed, a sort of literary 'change, where authors and readers, editors and writers, meet as upon neutral ground. A valuable series of pamphlets on the "Suspension of the Habeas Corpus," issued early during the late civil war, is among his publications, and has already become scarce. Mr. Campbell has ready for the press an edition of the poems of Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet, whose genius and unhappy death remind us so forcibly of Poe, but has delayed publishing it in consequence of the high price of paper. It will contain a new and full biography of Mangan, and between forty and fifty poems never before collected in any edition of his writings.

Mr. Campbell, it should be added, is himself a vigorous prose writer, and has wielded his pen freely and frequently in assertion and vindication of the ultra principles which, as a politician, he holds. Not long ago there appeared in the newspapers a powerful letter of his on the Fenian question, in which he showed the utter inability of such an organization to do more, under existing circumstances, than draw money from the trusting, sanguine, and generous Irish race in this country. It had a decided effect in checking the sale of Irish bonds here. Mr. Campbell is as well acquainted as most men with the condition and capabilities of Ireland, and his countrymen here put abundant faith in his knowledge and judgment.

R. S. M.

A FACT ACCOMPLISHED.

Sewing by machinery has become an old story; but whenever it has been suggested that button-holes would yet be made in the same manner, it has been pronounced impossible of accomplishment. But certain inventors and manufacturers have thought differently; and, if we are to credit our senses, the object so long and so laboriously sought has at last been accomplished. Certain it is that the "Union Button-hole Machine," now offered to the public by the "Singer Manufacturing Company," does its work with a precision and rapidity truly marvelous. The mechanism is wonderful, yet simple and durable, and is clearly within the comprehension of an ordinary operator. The work performed on this machine is superior to hand work, and is being scattered broadcast over the country, through some of our largest clothing establishments. That hand-made button-holes must give way to this machine is just as certain as that hand sewing is yielding, the world over, to the far famed Singer Sewing Machine.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

The Button-hole Machine referred to above is manufactured in this city, and bids fair to become one of the most valuable inventions of the age. Some idea of the magnitude of the business which has been developed since the "Singer" Co. has taken the exclusive sale of this machine may be gathered from the fact that one order was received from that concern, within the past week, for one thousand machines, amounting, at the regular prices, to \$140,000. The orders now in the hands of the manufacturers (the Union Button-hole Machine Co.) will keep them employed for the next six months. This does not look much like a "stagnation in business."—*Boston Post*.

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"Why are we not animals?"—See first page ROUND TABLE, April 28, 1866.

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(BASED ON THE METAMORPHOSES OF OVID.)

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FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31, 1866.

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Cash Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, \$14,885,278 88

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, insuring... \$31,394,407 00
In Force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, insuring... 83,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same... 7,830,925 92
\$91,344,853 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865... \$11,750,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:
Original on new policy... \$1,154,066 94
Renewals... 1,518,654 82
War extras and annuities, 15,428 64—\$2,988,150 40
Interest:
On bonds and mortgages, 361,752 88
U. S. Stocks... 352,329 62
Premium on gold... 94,999 66—
Rent... 55,833 34—\$3,853,065 80
Total... \$15,652,480 48

Disbursements as follows:
Paid claims by death and additions to same... \$712,823 71
Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions... 20,999 52
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium... 58,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies... 190,691 40
Paid annuities... 10,242 55
Paid Taxes... 33,076 52
Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses... 174,310 94
Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums... 334,255 12—\$1,540,130 68

Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866... \$14,112,349 88
Invested as follows:
Cash on hand and in Bank... \$1,475,899 82
Bonds and Mortgages... 7,348,623 30
U. S. Stocks (cost)... 4,468,921 25
Real Estate... 782,307 34
Balance due by Agents... 36,599 14—\$14,112,349 85
Add:
Interest accrued but not due... \$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid... 5,084 73
Deferred Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received... 655,844 30—\$772,929 03

Gross Assets, Jan. 31, 1866... \$14,885,278 88
Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year... \$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to reinsure outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same... \$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due)... 122,750 00
Dividend additions to same... 23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for)... 29,931 73
Premiums paid in advance... 11,065 48
Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserves of over \$1,000,000)... 218,649 42
Dividend of 1866... \$2,975,338 58
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above... \$14,885,278 88
N. B.—The reserve to reinsure outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,200,000.

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ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1866... 4,067,455 80
LIABILITIES... 944,201 43

LOSSES PAID IN 45 YEARS, \$17,435,594 71.

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SURPLUS, Jan. 1, 1866... 205,969 83

TOTAL ASSETS... \$705,969 83

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Second year, two-tenths of \$10,000 (amount insured), amounting to \$2,000 with dividend on same for life.			
Third year, three-tenths of " " " " " "	3,000	"	"
Fourth year, four-tenths of " " " " " "	4,000	"	"
Fifth year, five-tenths of " " " " " "	5,000	"	"

And so on until the tenth annual payment, when all is paid, and dividends still continue during the lifetime of the assured.

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